

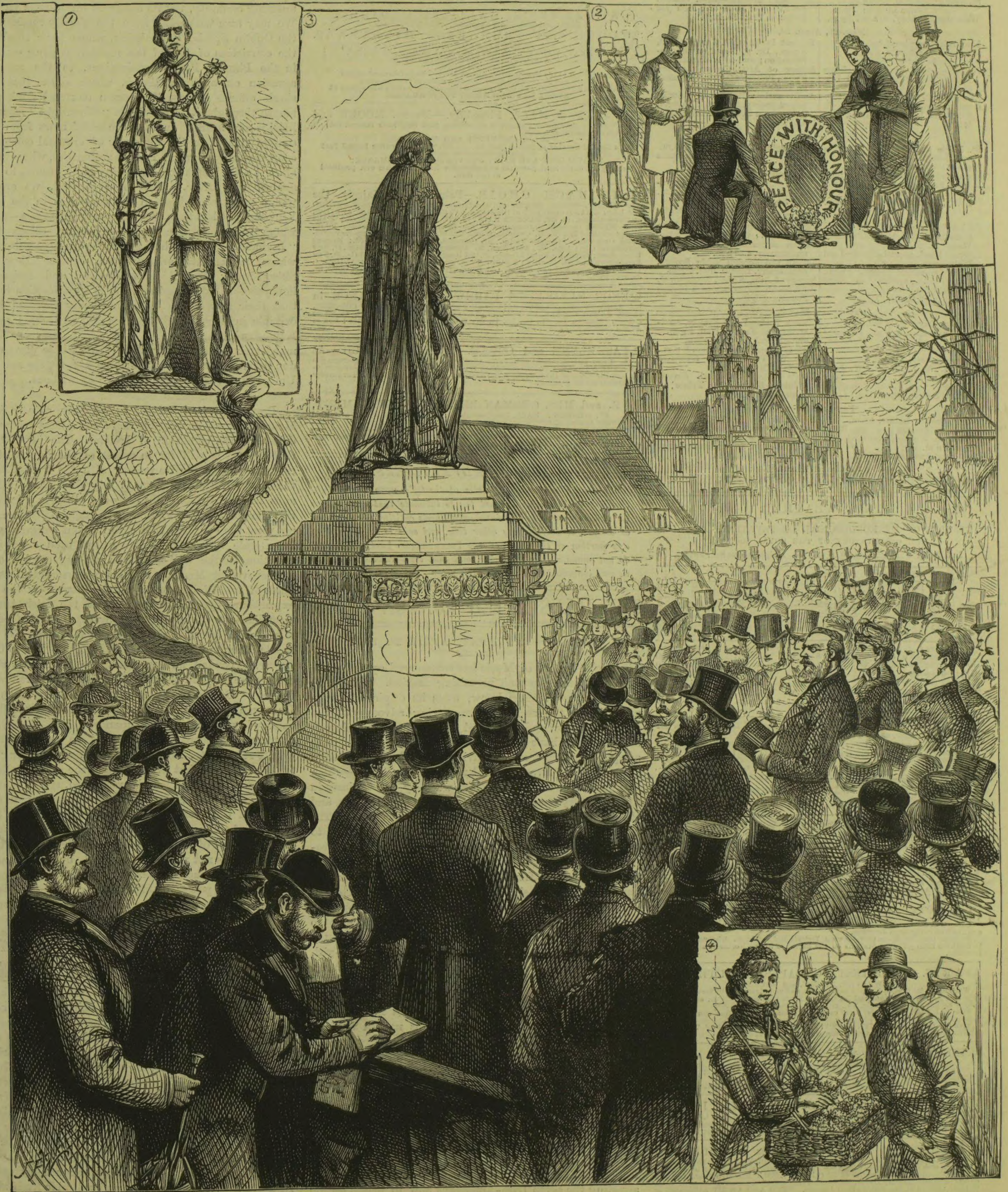
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2297.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS | SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



1. The Statue.

2. Placing the Wreath from Hong-Kong at the Feet of the Statue.

3. Sir Stafford Northcote Unveiling the Statue.

4. Primroses, a Penny a Bunch

UNVEILING THE STATUE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD AT WESTMINSTER.

BIRTHS.

On the 22nd inst., at 44, Clarges-street, the Lady Constance Hadow, of a son.
On the 25th inst., at 66, Porchester-terrace, W., Mrs. Carr-Gomm, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 24th inst., at Christ Church, Naples, by the Rev. Henry T. Barff, the Rev. Thornton Sutton Shaw, Rector of Beddingfield, Suffolk, to Victoria Alexandrina, eldest daughter of John N. Robin, Esq., of Naples.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd inst., at Rockhill, county Donegal, Lady Helen Stewart, widow of John Vandaleur Stewart, and third daughter of Hector John, second Earl of Norbury.
On the 21st inst., at Purbrook Lodge, Cosham, Hants, Emily, widow of the late Sir Edmund Hayes, Bart., M.P., of Dromboe, county Donegal, and daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir Hercules Pakenham, K.C.B., aged 64.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 5.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29.	
Fifth Sunday after Easter. Rogation Sunday. Morning Lessons: Deut. vi.; Luke xx. 27-xxi. 5. Evening Lessons: Deut. ix. or x. Col. i. 21-ii. 8. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m. 3.15, Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., 3 p.m.	Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. W. F. Erskine Knollys; 3 p.m., Rev. Dr. Thornton, Boyle Lecture, III. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White; 7 p.m., Rev. Ralph D. Cocking. All Souls', Langham-place, 11 a.m., the Bishop of Sodor and Man (for Religious Tract Society).
MONDAY, APRIL 30.	
Moon's last quarter, 7.3 a.m. Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m. Actuaries' Institute, 7 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor McKendrick on Physiological Discovery. Zoological Society, anniversary, 1. Gresham Lecture, 6 p.m., Mr. J. E. Nixon on Rhetoric; and on May 1, 2, 4.	Hibbert Lectures, St. George's Hall, 5 p.m., Dr. C. Beard on the Reformation; and on Wednesday. Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Professor Osborne Reynolds on Transmission of Energy. Anniversaries: Home and Colonial School Society, 2.30 p.m.; National Temperance League, Exeter Hall, 6.30 p.m.
TUESDAY, MAY 1.	
St. Philip and St. James, Apostles and Martyrs. Duke of Connaught born, 1850. Royal Institution, anniversary, 2 p.m. Biblical Archaeology Society, 8 p.m., papers by Prof. Delitzsch, Rev. A. Lóury, Mr. A. Enman, and D. Birch.	Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., discussion on Mr. J. Mackenzie's paper. Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m. Church Missionary Society, anniversary, Exeter Hall, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 2.	
Indian Institute, Oxford, memorial stone to be laid by the Prince of Wales. Literary Fund, annual dinner—Lord Wolsey in the chair. London Dialectical Society, 8 p.m., Dr. C. R. Drysdale on State Remedies for Poverty. Entomological Society, 7 p.m.	Botanic Society, opening of Rose Exhibition; promenade. British Archaeological Association, anniversary, 4.30 p.m. British and Foreign Bible Society, anniversary, Exeter Hall, 7 p.m. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Professor G. Forbes on Electricity as a Motive Power.
THURSDAY, MAY 3.	
Ascension Day. Holy Thursday. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Lyndall on Count Rumford, Originator of the Royal Institution. Linnean Society, 8 p.m., papers by Messrs. W. P. Haden, W. J. S. Dyer, G. Brook, and R. Boog Watson. Chemical Society, 8 p.m.	Church Pastoral Aid Society, anniversary, St. James's Hall, 2 p.m. Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Sir W. Thomson on Electrical Units of Measurement. King's College Hospital, dinner, Willis's Rooms—the Prince of Wales in the chair.
FRIDAY, MAY 4.	
Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m. Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Mr. R. H. Scott on Weather Knowledge in 1883, 9 p.m. Geologists' Association, 8 p.m.	United Service Institution, 3 p.m. Colonel C. B. Brackenbury on the Tactics of the Three Arms. Religious Tract Society, anniversary, Exeter Hall, 6.30 p.m.
SATURDAY, MAY 5.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Geikie on Geographical Evolution.	

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hour, read at 10 A.M. next morning.	
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.		
	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°		Miles.	In.	
April	15	29.854	49.0	39.7	72	7	57.8	39.4	N. WSW.	250	0.000
	16	30.032	46.3	31.8	60	5	55.4	40.8	W.	210	0.000
	17	29.909	46.2	34.9	67	8	55.4	35.5	WSW. SSW.	274	0.000
	18	29.492	52.2	41.7	70	8	64.0	41.5	SE. S.	356	0.525
	19	29.675	46.0	42.2	77	10	50.5	44.5	NNW.	113	0.080
	20	30.077	49.2	40.1	73	6	56.4	44.3	NNW. N.	215	0.010
	21	30.211	42.6	33.6	73	7	49.7	39.2	N. N.E.	372	0.000

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m. :—
Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29.854 | 30.032 | 29.907 | 29.492 | 29.675 | 30.077 | 30.210
Temperature of Air .. 49.0° | 46.3° | 46.2° | 52.2° | 46.0° | 49.2° | 49.2°
Temperature of Evaporation .. 39.7° | 31.8° | 34.9° | 41.7° | 42.2° | 40.1° | 40.1°
Direction of Wind .. WSW. | W. | SSW. | S. | NNW. | N. | NE.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 5, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
5 57 16	6 48 7	7 20	7 50	8 28 9	9 7 48	10 25 10 57

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Weekday Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). Night Service, Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fare—Single, 3s. 2s. 1s. Return, 5s. 3s. 2s. 1s.
Powerful Paddle-steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Neuchâteau and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 5, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.
Entries close May 14. SHOW OPEN MAY 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, June 1. Prize-Lists and Forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Bedford-street, N.
By order, S. SINGER, Secretary and Manager, Agricultural Hall Company (Limited)

LYCEUM.—Last Twenty-Nine Nights of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Mr. Irving, in accordance with his promise to produce in succession each of the plays in which the Lyceum Company will appear in America, begs to announce the last nights of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and the last appearances of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company previous to their absence of ten months from London. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING at Eight o'clock. Benedick, Mr. Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCES. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, SATURDAYS, MAY 19 and 26. ON THE EVENINGS OF MAY 12, 19, and 26 THE BELLS will be performed. Matinas, Mr. Irving. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS

IN WATER COLOURS,

PICCADILLY, W.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION WILL OPEN in their NEW GALLERIES on MONDAY, APRIL 30. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES, including J. E. Mills, R.A.'s new picture "Olivia," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION;" "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM;" "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.
"Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive."—RUSKIN.
THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES, 11, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Newly and Beautifully Decorated. The World-famed. MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
In addition to the New and Magnificent Musical Entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, last two weeks of the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI and his unrivalled Company of Artists will appear at EVERY DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Messrs. MOORE and BURGESS have much pleasure in announcing that they have entered into an engagement with the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI AND TROUPE, for a limited number of Nights (last two weeks), when the entire Second Part will be devoted to their MARVELLOUS and MIRTH-PROVOKING PERFORMANCE; forming one of the most powerful and attractive Entertainments ever produced at this Hall.

THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.—Musical Director and Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.—THIRD and LAST GRAND CONCERT of the Season, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, at Three o'clock, at ST. JAMES'S HALL. JOHN SEB. BACH's celebrated MASS in B MINOR (Seventh Performance by the Bach Choir). Miss Carlotta Elliot, Madame Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. W. H. Brereton. Complete Professional Orchestra. Principal Violin, Mr. Carrodus. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony (unreserved), 5s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 2s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 54, New Bond-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry. Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings; and 26, Old Bond-street; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

SEÑOR SARASATE'S FAREWELL APPEARANCE in LONDON THIS SEASON will take place at his THIRD and LAST CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, May 4, at Three o'clock. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at the usual Agents'; and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—At Every Entertainment until further notice Mr. MASKELYNE will perform the CABINET MYSTERIES of the celebrated DAVENPORT BROTHERS, clearly showing how the whole of the seemingly impossible feats are accomplished. For further particulars see daily papers.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. A new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HEIRESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets entitled The Interleaf or Leaflet, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

The Royal College of Music has commenced operations in a very business-like and promising fashion. This institution, as our readers know, owes its origin and consolidation to the zeal and persevering advocacy of the Prince of Wales and his Royal brothers, whose influence and example have been the chief means of securing adequate resources, and of giving it "a local habitation and a name." Even before it received its charter—which was granted at the close of last week by her Majesty in Council—fifty open scholarships were competed for, and the preliminary local examinations had taken place. The total number of applicants was 1588, who were reduced to 480 selected candidates. The further test applied by the Professors of the College—amongst whom we find the honoured name of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt—brought down the number to seventy-six, and eventually to fifty fortunate competitors. They come from all parts of the country; twelve only from the metropolis. Ireland is able to claim six of the scholars. Several are drawn from the artisan and labouring classes—one being a mill-girl, another a blacksmith, a third the son of a farm labourer. We thus see how admirably the new institution is adapted to discover and foster musical genius wherever it is to be found. The College, with Dr. Grove as its first director, and a staff of experienced professors, is now in working order; and there can be little doubt that in years to come the sons of her Majesty the Queen will see the fruition of their meritorious enterprise, not only in the wide diffusion of musical taste among the population generally, but in the stimulus which the Royal College will give to kindred institutions.

Whatever may be the ultimate issue of the forthcoming trials in connection with the dynamite conspiracy in England, the skill and vigilance of our detective force in arresting the seven Irish-Americans now in prison on the charge of intending to blow up public buildings, has produced a very wholesome effect at home and abroad. Our

American cousins are ashamed and disgusted at the revelations made in the Bow-street Police Court, and are fast coming to the conclusion of Sir William Harcourt, that the authors of such infamous plots ought to be regarded not as political agitators, but as enemies of the human race. The question is said to be engaging the attention of President Arthur's Ministers. But whether public indignation in the United States will find expression in action is, however, somewhat doubtful. The power that can be exercised by several millions of Irish voters is a political factor that neither Republicans nor Democrats will be disposed to ignore. Both parties will no doubt be considerably influenced by the decisions of the Land League Convention now in session at Philadelphia, where it is not expected the Dynamite party will be in the ascendant.

Looked at from any point of view, the task of the British Government is very serious. Thus far they have used "the resources of civilisation" with crushing effect. Not only is the law asserting its supremacy in Ireland with unerring certainty, but its deterrent influence is palpable. We may turn with relief from the ghastly revelations of the Dublin Special Commission, which have resulted in the conviction of two of the murderous gang concerned in the Phoenix Park assassinations, to the return of agrarian outrages for March, which shows that not a single offence against the person occurred during that month throughout Ireland! Of "Moonlight" marauders little is now heard. In fact, the chief news from police sources relates to the discovery of criminal conspiracies concocted in past years. But the authorities, whose information is daily increasing, are doing their utmost to guard against the future. They have to deal, we are told, with a secret confederation that comprises in the United Kingdom not less than 150,000 enrolled Fenians—some of whom belong to the Vigilance Society, others to the "Invincibles," and a third section to the Dynamite party, whose movements are directed by the New York Skirmishers. But if both England and Ireland are honeycombed by conspiracies, it is a satisfaction to know that their secrets are being gradually revealed by inevitable informers. The Crimes Act in Ireland and the Explosive Substances Act in England are more than a match for the incendiary Anarchists, whose plots will, in due time, be stamped out, with or without the aid of the United States Government—probably without.

Prevention is, however, better than cure. In the House of Lords on Monday there was a most encouraging debate on the condition of Ireland. The population of that country is still far in excess of the means of subsistence. The favourite remedy with the Parnellites and the Roman Catholic Bishops is migration from barren to more fertile districts. But there is a growing opinion that this complex operation, though it might mitigate, would not meet the evil, and that nothing but emigration on a large scale will suffice. Much has been done in this direction by the well-organised scheme carried out by the benevolent Mr. Tuke and his zealous coadjutors. All kinds of remedies have been tried, especially the lavish expenditure of English money. If the Irish-American incendiaries were not blinded by insensate hatred, they might with advantage ponder the fact that the hard-hearted Saxon has, on the showing of Mr. O'Connor Power, expended no less than thirty millions sterling during the last half century in the attempt to relieve Irish distress. Our liberality and sacrifices have, says Lord Dunraven, done more harm than good. Our overflowing charity has engendered a pauperised spirit. The Government are now about to take action. In the course of the debate referred to, Lord Carlingford, while giving gratifying assurances that the distress in the suffering districts of Ireland has been largely mitigated, stated that offers had recently been made to the Government, upon a large scale and of a very hopeful and promising kind, for the removal of a very considerable number of selected families from the West of Ireland to the other side of the Atlantic. The scheme is not yet fully matured, but the announcement excited much interest in the Upper House. How far it is in the power of interested parties—that is, professional agitators—to thwart it, remains to be seen.

Russia is preparing for a series of fêtes on a colossal scale. It is expected that the coronation of the Czar and Czarina at Moscow, on June 10, will be the most magnificent ceremony which the present century has witnessed. The festivities are to last a fortnight, and gigantic preparations are already being made for entertaining the entire population. There is to be a tent city in the suburbs of Holy Moscow, and nearly half a million will be provided with food and drink, balls, concerts, and dramatic representations, by the bounty of the Emperor and his nobles. Princes from every European capital are expected to assist at the august pageant in the Kremlin, and a military force more numerous than that which won our Egyptian victories will watch over the safety of the Imperial family, and keep order among the multitudinous guests. Although nearly a score of Nihilists have lately been convicted at St. Petersburg, we are assured that Nihilism is at a very low ebb, and will hide itself abashed amid the splendours of the Imperial coronation. We sincerely hope the prediction may be fully verified.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

At no time probably during the history of the Temperance movement (which I take to be between fifty and sixty years old) have the prospects of Total Abstinence presented a more brightly promising aspect than they do at present. At the recent meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society at Lambeth Palace, it was stated that the Association now numbers nearly half a million of members (not all of whom, however, are total abstainers); while there are twenty-five thousand absolute teetotallers in the Army, twelve thousand in the Royal Navy, and twenty thousand in the mercantile marine. The Cunard Steam-Ship Company now issue rations of coffee to their crews instead of grog; and many other passenger-ships at present carry no intoxicants either for crews or passengers. But what a blow would be struck at alcoholism if shipowners unanimously refused to bring cargoes of wine from Xeres, Puerto, Santa Maria, and Oporto to England! Of course, the French and the Americans would be, in morality as well as in honour, bound not to take up the carrying trade which we had virtuously abandoned.

But even better news may be reported. The Duke of Westminster (who was to have moved one of the resolutions at the Lambeth Palace meeting, but was prevented by absence from doing so) has contributed one hundred pounds for completing the buildings of the London Temperance Hospital in the Hampstead-road; and the Duchess of Sutherland has joined the fellowship of the Blue Ribbon. There is no need for the Duke to "post the Blue"; seeing that his Grace has been for some years a Knight of the Garter.

A largely attended meeting of the Upper Ten Thousand was held on Saturday, the twenty-first, at Stafford House; and in an eloquent speech Lord Mount-Temple dwelt on the advantages of total abstinence, and exhorted the aristocratic classes to set an example to those beneath them by forthwith joining the Blue Ribbon fellowship. The aristocratic classes, his Lordship truly observed, were always in the van, not only in war and politics, but in movements affecting social progress and improvement. Before the Stafford House meeting broke up several ladies and gentlemen came forward, signed the pledge, and were invested with the Blue Ribbon.

But one cannot hear without wounded feelings that a hundred dozen of champagne have been ordered for the approaching banquet of the National Liberal Club at the Westminster Aquarium. Perhaps, after all, the journal in which this melancholy statement was made was mistaken; and it is only a hundred dozen of Wilhelms Quelle, or Apollinaris, or "Imperial Pop" that have been ordered. But one reverts with a sigh of relief to the Stafford House meeting. When Peers and Peeresses of the highest rank don the Blue Ribbon (affiliation to which brotherhood means not drinking in moderation but total abstinence from every kind of intoxicant) it may reasonably be expected that the example set in exalted quarters will be speedily followed by the affluent middle classes. Large numbers of butlers and under-butlers may therefore expect prompt dismissal from their posts; and the wine trade, of course, will be ruined. The glass industry, too, will be seriously affected by the spread of Blue Ribbonism among the aristocratic classes. When I go out to dinner I am content with a single glass of champagne (and I like it dry), but I see by my side on the snowy damask no less than five glasses—one for sherry, one for hock, one for champagne, one for claret, and one for water; while at a later stage of the banquet I am offered a choice of spirituous compounds in tiny liqueur-glasses. When the ladies retire, more glasses are brought for the male guests. When Blue Ribbonism completes its triumph among the Upper Ten Thousand the guests at grand dinner-tables will require only a tumbler apiece for their water-quaffing. What do you think of this prospect, Mr. Mortlock, at "the sign of the Pitcher"?

Mem.: I hope yet to be present at a Blue Ribbon banquet at the Mansion House; but I shall take my allowance of wine with me in a little bottle, and drink it on the sly. It is to be hoped that Blue Ribbonism will not lead to drinking "on the sly" to a much greater extent than is contemplated by your humble servant.

The great body of American artists are, it seems, very much averse from the imposition of a duty the maximum of which reaches the exorbitant rate of thirty-five per cent on the importation of foreign works of art; and a bill has been introduced into Congress by Mr. Perry Belmont, of New York, for the abolition of all such duties whatsoever. The American Artists—or at least the greater number of them—contend that they do not require the monstrous "protection" extended to them by the revised Tariff, and that not only their interests, but also those of the general public in the United States, will suffer from what would be the practical exclusion of foreign paintings and statuary.

According to the *New York Herald*, the chief author of the obnoxious measure is a certain Colonel from West Virginia, who is a member of the Tariff Commission. This gentleman, it would appear, is not only a Colonel, a farmer, and a legislator, but he is also an amateur artist; and he has devoted much time to the study of art in its relation to the tariff, and the tariff in its relation to art. He concluded, so says the *Herald*, that the importation into the States of what he has termed "Dutch daubs" exercised a depressing influence on the interests of American artists; so he thereupon brought his fellow-members on the Commission to raise the duty on the works of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Gérôme, Meissonier, Bouguereau, and other "Dutch daubers," to say nothing of other distinguished foreign artists.

The term "Dutch daubs" has "fetched" me a little. I call to mind that in almost every refreshment buffet and minor hotel bar in the Southern and Western States you come across oil-paintings of still-life, purporting to represent fish, flesh,

fowl, and fruit, wine bottles, decanters, and glasses. As a rule, these performances are prodigies of pictorial coarseness and clumsiness. Are these the imported "Dutch daubs" which so moved the fiscal and æsthetic soul of the gallant Colonel from West Virginia? In this free-trading country we are occasionally troubled with a plague, not of "Dutch daubs," but of what I may call "German smudges." Have you never seen in the windows of news-venders' shops in the back streets vilely executed lithographs of Teutonic production, purporting to be reproductions in black and white of the masterpieces of our foremost English painters? These lithographs are very cheap and very nasty; and are, besides, an impudent piracy of artistic copyright. Or does the gallant Colonel consider German oleographs to be "Dutch daubs"?

By-the-way, a correspondent, writing from the Union Club, New York City, asks me if I can give him any explanation of the meaning of "Les Jardies," the name of the house at Ville d'Avray where Léon Gambetta died. He has himself discovered that "Les Jardies" was anciently the site of a hospital for lepers. All that I can find out is that "Jarde" or "Jardon," in French, means a callous tumour, which afflicts the legs of horses. "Jarde" is also a term in old English farriery for a hard tumour. Is not elephantiasis a form of inward leprosy? The tumours formed in the legs of sufferers from that distressing ailment are called, I believe, "tubera," but may they not have been anciently known as "jardies"?

Mem.: Honoré de Balzac lived, as we all know, at the villa (not the one at which Gambetta died) of "Les Jardies." But I cannot find in Balzac's "Correspondence" any explanation of the derivation of "Les Jardies." Perhaps some reader, with more time and better eyes than I have, will be more fortunate than I have been.

Of course, as "M. S. A." (Plymouth) points out, recruits are not required to take "the Queen's shilling" nowadays on enlistment. But the term has become a figurative one, and may be legitimately used with reference to a recruit. Formerly, when healths were drunk, there was a piece of toasted bread in the liquor. The toasted bread has long since ceased to be placed in the flowing bowl; but we continue to drink toasts. Under the Blue Ribbon dispensation we may be permitted to drink toast-and-water.

Mem.: Blue Ribbonism should surely put an end to those disastrous nuisances public dinners, and the subsequent speech-making thereat. It would be positively scandalous for a company of gentlemen to meet simply for the purpose of gourmandising course after course of rich and not too-digestible food. It is as urgently necessary to be temperate in eating as in drinking; and a strictly temperate man should be ashamed to spend more than two shillings on his dinner. How, then, could the Blue Ribbon diner-out of the future bring his conscience to consent to his paying even the reduced sum of half-a-guinea for a public dinner-ticket? No, no; the public banquets of the future must be either breakfasts or "high teas." A capital "high tea" could be provided at a florin a head.

About Fops' Alley. I have had several communications on the subject. Of the contents of one (bearing the Surbiton post-mark), which is anonymous and impertinent, I shall take no notice; but I am very grateful to a correspondent who gives his name and address, and who has had very lengthened commercial experience of "the front of the house," operatically and theatrically speaking. He tells me that long before the "Fops' Alley" which I remember in the days when Mr. Benjamin Lumley was lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre—the sunken gangway crossing the theatre from side to side, between the pit and the stalls, a gangway devised, indeed, by Mr. Lumley—"Fops' Alley" was a central passage right through the pit of the King's Theatre from the orchestra to the back of the auditorium. In those days there were no stalls, and consequently there was no reason for the existence of the sunken gangway between the pit and the stalls.

My correspondent points out that the passage down the centre of the stalls (the pit having been abolished) at the Royal Italian Opera can only be in a modified sense a revival of "Fops' Alley" as it existed at the old King's Theatre, seeing that the "fops" were allowed to stand throughout the performance in the central passage through the stalls, which they will scarcely be permitted to do at Covent Garden.

Mem.: I was glad to see at the opening of the New Royalty Theatre on Monday, the twenty-third, that Miss Kate Santley has provided for the occupants of her stalls a central gangway, by means of which they can reach and quit their seats without discomfort. There are few greater nuisances in a theatre (except the encores at the singing-houses and the bouquet "chucking") than the "scrouging" past the unhappy people in the stalls who have come early by the selfish people who come late.

The longest leading article that for many years past has appeared, I should say, in the *Times* newspaper, is devoted to an exhaustive notice of the career and capacity of the late eminent French novelist and member of the Academy, M. Jules Sandeau. Successful novelists seem to be almost as popular as jockeys, nowadays. It was not always so. I remember at a Greenwich dinner, in 1861, when the *Cornhill Magazine* was in its *primavera* of triumphant success, Mr. Thackeray said that, were he to die just then, the *Times* might bestow on him, say, twenty-five lines of obituary notice. But had we a Thackeray among us nowadays, the leading journal might be expected to honour his memory at his decease with an article of at least two columns and a half.

The crazy folk or the fanatical folk continue to have a "high old time of it," by brawling in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The last indecent outbreak in that noble fane was not, it is true, one in which physical force was used, and it did not take place while Divine service was going on; but it was not the less offensive and disgraceful. The person brought up on the twenty-fourth before Sir Robert Carden for disorderly conduct in the metropolitan basilica had "ordered" a verger to remove the Cross and the candlesticks from the altar, using, at the same time, the most fanatical language. This person is, by his social position, a gentleman; and I would entreat his friends to tell him that his objection to candlesticks on the communion-table in St. Paul's Cathedral is not only a bigoted but an ignorant one. There have been silver candlesticks on the altar of St. Paul's Cathedral for more than a hundred and fifty years. That is proved (as I recently pointed out) by the unimpeachable testimony, first, of the large engraving of the interior of the Cathedral in "Picart's Rites and Ceremonies," and next by the enumeration of at least four tall silver candlesticks among the communion plate stolen from the cathedral in the year 1810.

The town of St. Ives, in Cornwall, was mentioned not long ago in the House of Commons as one of the most innocent places in England. If I remember aright, there was only one police-constable in the town; and he had nothing to do. I regret to find the name of St. Ives, or rather Yves, associated with a dreadful murder committed, not in Cornwall, but at Hengoat, a village in Brittany. The murdered man, a farmer named Omnes, had incurred the enmity of his sister and her husband, Marguerite and Yves Guillot; and they were charged with the commission of the crime. At the trial it was proved that some time before the murder Guillot and his wife had hired an old woman to go to a neighbouring village, where there is a chapel containing an image of St. Yves, much resorted to by the peasantry of the whole village "as a means of ensuring sure revenge against an enemy."

The old woman was instructed to invoke the Saint's vengeance against the farmer for perjury, he having sworn that Guillot and his wife owed him some money, which they had been compelled to pay. The old woman, however, was unable to accomplish her mission, as the priest of St. Yves' chapel, shocked at the evil passions shown by the frequenters of the shrine, had removed the image to his back garden, and, on the wall being sealed by malevolent fanatics hungry to invoke vengeance on their neighbours' head, *M. le Curé* locked up the effigy in his loft. It may as well be said that Guillot and his wife have been tried before the Court of Assizes of the Côtes-du-Nord for the murder of the farmer, and acquitted. It was the miserable misuse of the shrine of St. Yves that, during many hours, perplexed me. I was aware that the Breton peasantry habitually spoke of this saint as "Le bon St. Yves." Why should the shrine of so good a saint be frequented by people who wish to pray against the people whom they hate?

I went to Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," and found under date of April 25 the festival of St. Ivo or Ivo. According to A. B., St. Ivo was a Persian Bishop, who came as a missionary into England, about the same time with St. Austin, in the seventh century. He died and was buried at Slepe, in Huntingdonshire. On April 24, A.D. 1001, his body, entire, and arrayed in a pontifical habit, was found by a ploughman. "By the fame of miracles performed by his relics a Benedictine convent was there built" (at Slepe); "though the saint's body was afterwards transferred to the great Abbey of Ramsey." Alban Butler adds that Pope Alexander V. granted a license to erect a church dedicated to St. Ives, in Cornwall, "where his name was famous"; and subsequently "St. Ives" became the name of a Parliamentary borough.

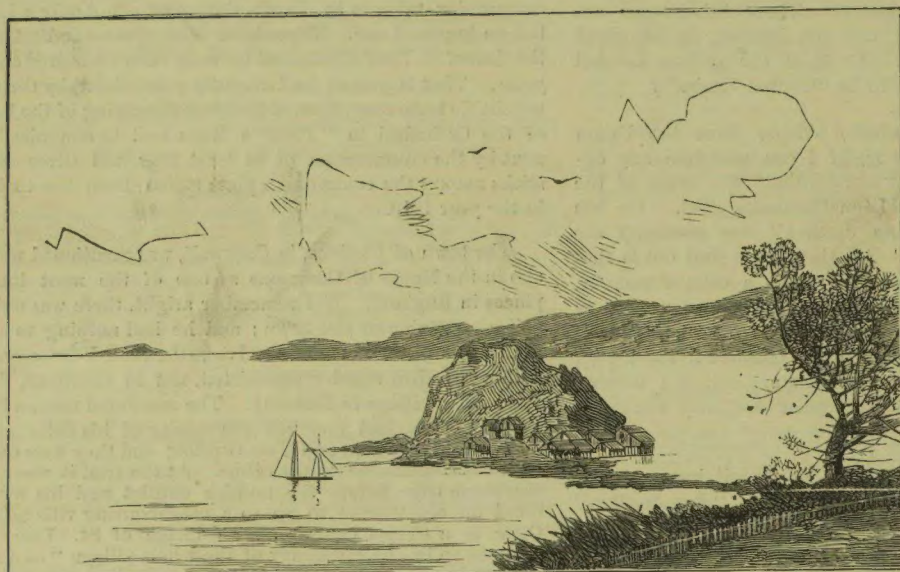
Probably, in process of time, the fame of St. Ives crossed the Channel to that kindred province of Armorica, Brittany; and was the cause of many men children being christened in his name. This supposition sent me to Jules Janin's "La Bretagne" (an altogether interesting book), and therein I found that St. Yves, "Patron of labourers, litigants, advocates, and jurisconsults," flourished in the thirteenth century; that he perfected himself in the study of law before he became a priest, and that he was known throughout Touraine, Anjou, and Brittany as "L'avocat des pauvres veuves et des orphelins." So, according to Jules Janin, wrote the old Dominican, Albert de Morlaix.

Yves was canonised at the prayer of one of the Dukes of Brittany. There is an ancient hymn in praise of the "Lawyer of the poor," beginning—

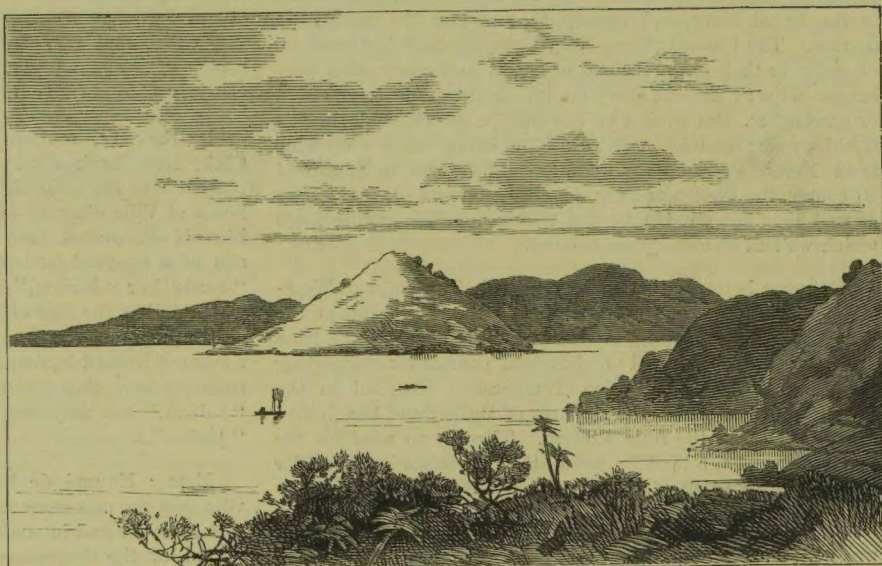
Sanctus Yvo erat Brito,
Advocatus et non latro,
Res miranda populo!

Not a very high compliment to the legal profession in general. But is it not a horrible thing to think of, that reverence for the memory of a good, just, and charitable man should have been perverted into a kind of fetish worship of the ghostliest kind? Yet it may have been by a demoniacally logical process that the Guillots and people of their way of thinking reasoned. "St. Yves was a good and just man. Good and just men hate perjury, and should desire to punish perjurers. Therefore, we will go to the shrine of St. Yves and invoke him that punishment may be visited on those who have committed perjury." Every plaintiff, naturally thinking himself in the right, would as naturally repair to the shrine of St. Yves to pray against the defendant.

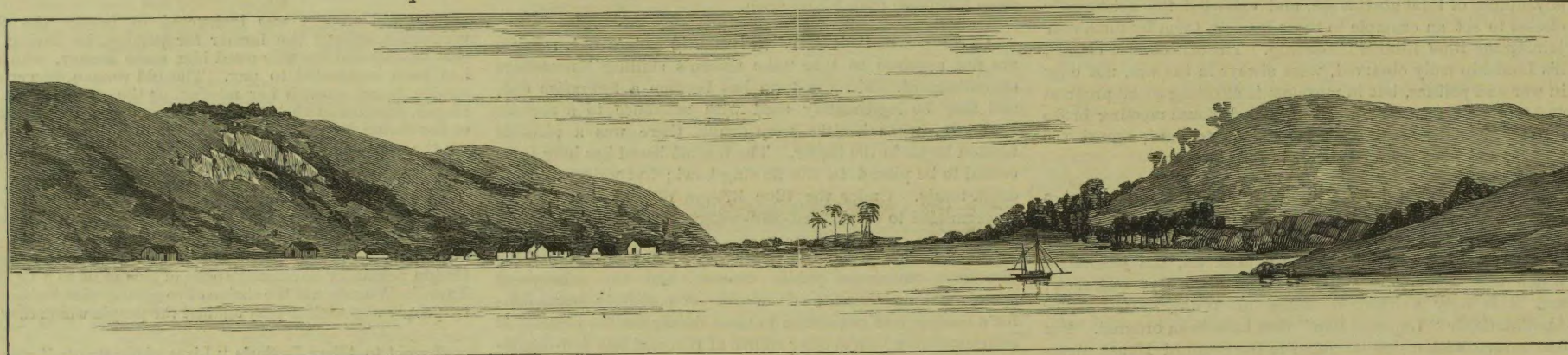
Yet are my perplexities with regard to St. Yves not altogether dispelled, since, on referring to my Topographical Dictionary of England (which I have recently found not quite infallible, inasmuch as in it Stoke-in-teign-head is spelled "Stokeintinhead"), I read that the ancient name of St. Ives in Cornwall was "Porth Ia," derived from St. Hya, or Ia, the daughter of an Irish chieftain, who, about the middle of the fifth century, visited Cornwall with some missionaries, died, and was buried there, and, being afterwards canonised, the original parish church of St. Ives was dedicated to her. Next is mentioned St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, distinguished in Domesday Book as Slepe, whither came the Persian Archbishop Ivo, or Yves, who travelled in England as a Christian missionary, and died in 660. Returning to Alban Butler, I find him citing a St. Ia, "daughter of an Irish nobleman and disciple of St. Barrius, who came into Cornwall and landed at the rocky peninsula of Pendinas" (Pendennis?). Butler, however, adds that the church which, at the request of the gentle missionary Dinan, a lord of the country built for her at eighteen miles from St. Perans in the Sands, on the Severn, was called, not St. Ives, but St. Iës. Be it remembered, also, that the Breton Yves is the Christian name of a man. One is thus led to the persuasion that the name of St. Ives in Cornwall is derived, not from the Hibernian Ia, but from the Persian Ivo. G. A. S.



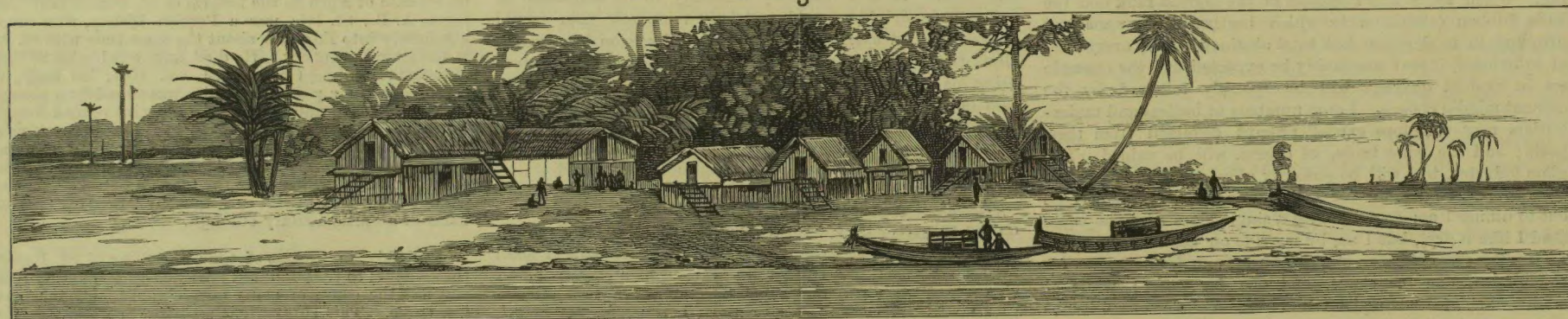
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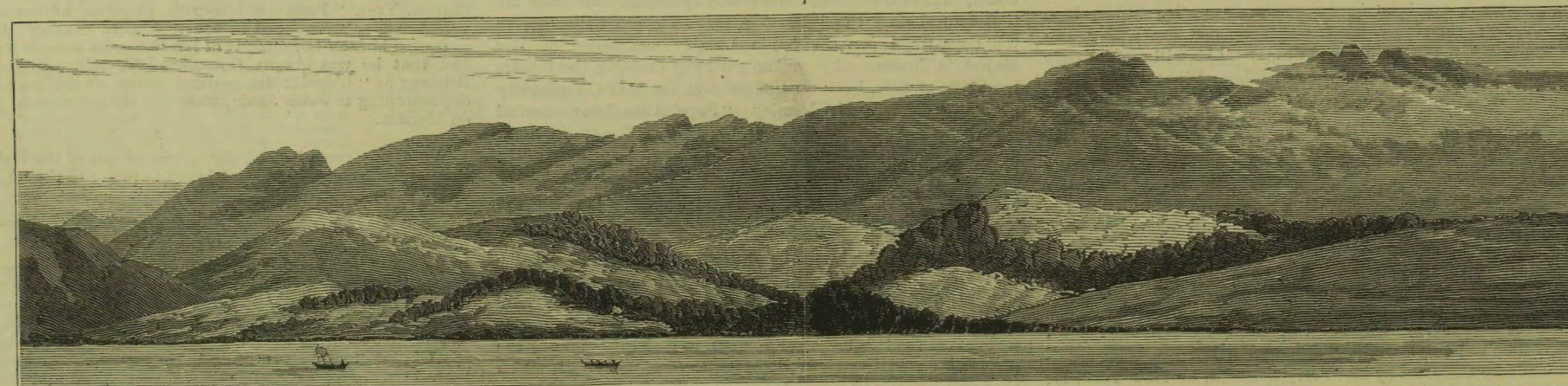
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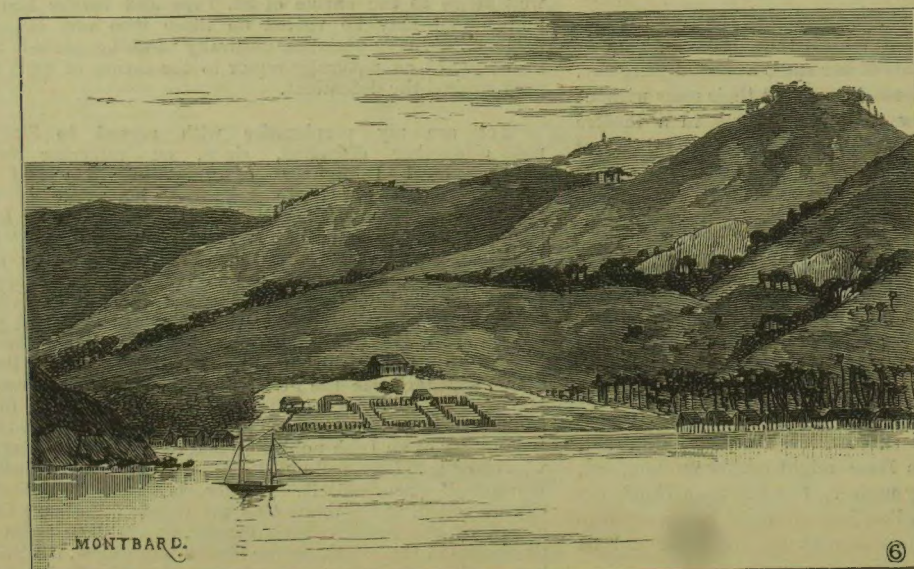
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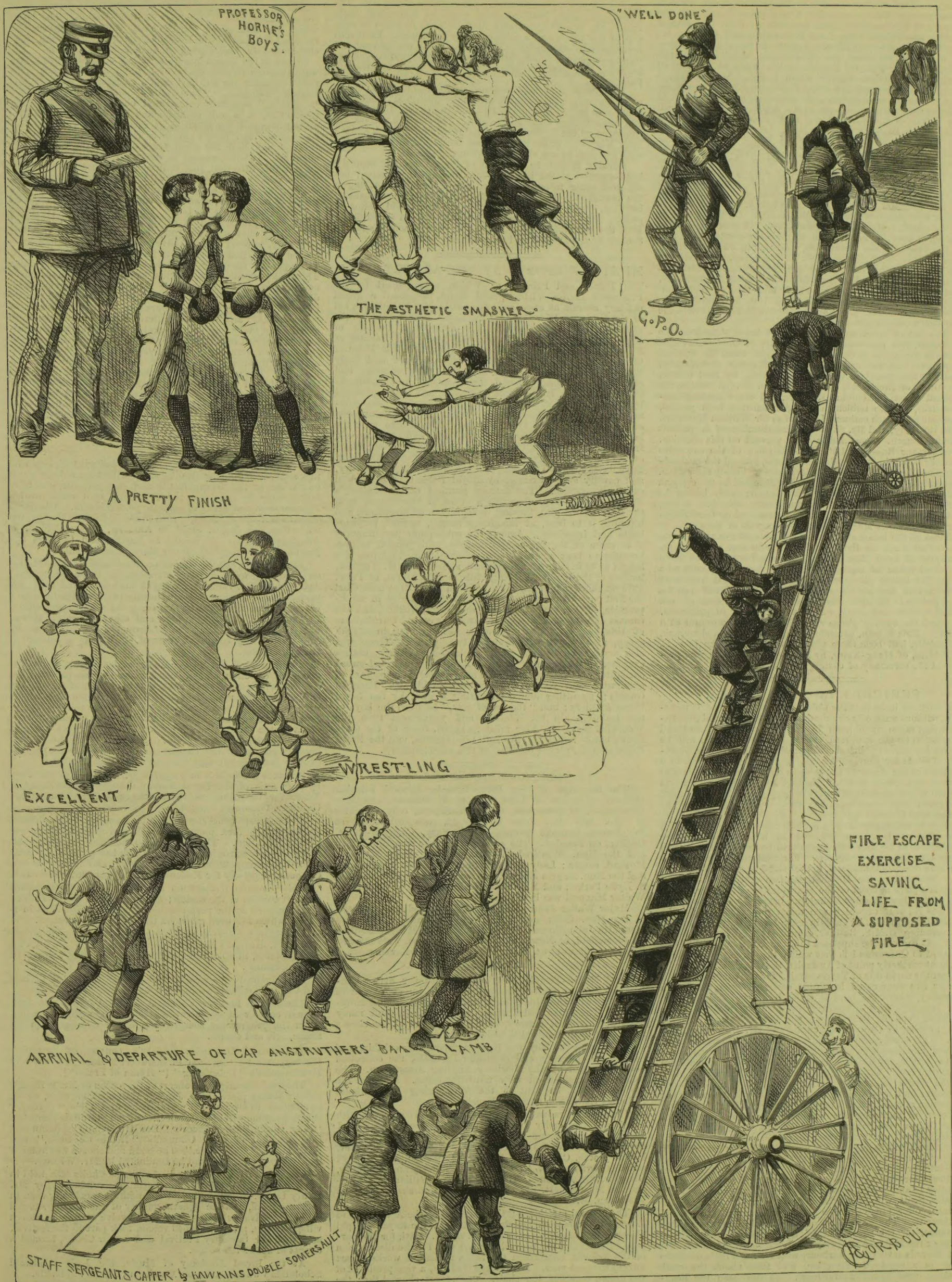


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1. Ethel Island, Port Moresby.
5. Beginning of the Astrolabe range of Mountains.

2. Entrance to Fairfax Harbour.
6. Port Moresby.

3. Mabuia.
4. Saibai Village.
7. The Church, from Badock, Darnley.



THE BEACONSFIELD MEMORIAL STATUE.

The ceremony of unveiling the National Memorial statue of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, in the garden space north of Westminster Abbey, opposite New Palace Yard and the Houses of Parliament, where the statues of the late Earl of Derby, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Canning are erected, took place on Thursday week. It was the anniversary of his death two years ago. This statue, which is of colossal size, standing 9 ft. in height, is the work of an Italian sculptor in London, Signor Mario Raggi, whose design, a small clay model, was selected by the committee from those of a number of competitors. It represents Lord Beaconsfield wearing his robes as a peer over a diplomatic uniform, with the Collar of the Garter, and with a dress sword by his side. The likeness is good, being taken from a bust of his Lordship modelled by Signor Raggi from the life shortly before the decease of Lord Beaconsfield. The attitude and expression are those of meditation and of preparedness to speak; the head is slightly bent forward, the right hand carries a scroll, and the left, which is elevated to the chest, upholds the robes. The statue faces southwards, in the direction of St. Margaret's Church. It stands on a pedestal of polished Aberdeen red granite. On the south side of the plinth is the word "Beaconsfield," in gold letters. On the north panel of the pedestal, or, in other words, at the rear of the statue, is the inscription, "Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.; 1804-1881." The figure, which is from the second design ordered by the committee, was cast last December at Messrs. Young and Co.'s Eccleston Art Foundry, Pimlico. Messrs. Macdonald, Field, and Co., of Aberdeen supplied the pedestal, which is 10 ft. 7 in. high, and weighs about 25 tons. The panel on the front will be filled with the late Earl's coat of arms in bronze.

The act of unveiling the statue, at three o'clock in the afternoon, was performed by the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, who was supported by the Marquis of Salisbury, leader of that party in the House of Lords, by Earl Cairns, the Duke of Richmond, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Sir Richard Cross, Lord John Manners, and other leading Conservatives, besides noblemen and gentlemen of both parties, amongst them such eminent Liberals as Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, members of the present Administration. Some ladies were present on this occasion. Lord Arthur Russell, M.P., vice-chairman of the executive committee for the Beaconsfield Memorial, opened the proceedings, and invited Sir Stafford Northcote to unveil the statue. Sir Stafford then took hold of a cord attached to the crimson cloth with which the statue was covered; and, before he pulled this cord, delivered an appropriate speech. A vote of thanks to Sir Stafford Northcote was moved by Lord Salisbury. Lord John Manners seconded the vote of thanks.

Most of the ladies and gentlemen present wore primroses, or carried them in their hands; this flower, as a known favourite of Lord Beaconsfield's, having been adopted for a memorial token of regard. Primroses were freely sold at a penny the bunch all over London that day, and were very abundant in the streets at Westminster. Placed against the pedestal of the statue, as shown in one of our Sketches of the ceremony, was a massive wreath of primroses, on which the words "Peace with Honour" were wrought with violets. This wreath, encircling a device of roses, shamrock, and thistle, had been there placed, in behalf of the Hon. E. R. Belilios, of Hong-Kong, by Mrs. Willis, the lady who performed the ceremony of casting the statue on Dec. 23.

SKETCHES IN NEW GUINEA.

The startling news that the Colonial Government of Queensland, without authority or sanction from the Imperial Government, has taken upon itself to perform an act of territorial annexation on the southern shores of New Guinea, will be matter for serious political consideration. Lord Derby, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in replying last week to a question in the House of Lords upon this subject, took care to make it understood that her Majesty's Government in Great Britain is still unpledged to any course of action, and has not yet given any encouragement to the step taken by the Queensland Colonial authorities.

It does not appear to be yet distinctly known what part of New Guinea has been declared by a Queensland police magistrate to be now and henceforth annexed to the British Australian Colonial dominions. The western and part of the northern coasts of that island, to the 141st deg. of east longitude, have belonged to the Dutch these two centuries past; and there is a piece of coast of the south-eastern peninsula, at the foot of the Owen Stanley Mountains, between longitude 146 E. and 148 E., part of which was taken possession of, for the British Government, by Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Moresby, commanding H.M.S. Basilisk, Admiralty surveying-vessel, in 1873. It can only be supposed that the part now sought to be annexed to Queensland is that which lies directly opposite to the most northerly point of Australia, the Cape York peninsula, and on the north side of Torres Strait. This territory would fall one or two degrees of longitude eastward from the Dutch boundary, where the land is called by the natives Daudé; a flat, swampy tract of country, between the mouths of the Maikasa, Pearl, or Baxter river, and the Fly river, explored first, in 1844, by Captain Blackwood and Mr. Jukes in H.M.S. Fly. This small portion of the vast island of Papua or New Guinea may have been chosen by the Queensland Government for the settlement which it proposes to establish and maintain at its own cost. It is situated within eighty or ninety miles of the North Australian shores, with many small islands between; and it would be undesirable to let it become the possession of any foreign Empire. There can be no question, however, of annexing the whole or the principal part of New Guinea, the largest island (except Australia) in the world, measuring 1500 miles from east to west and 400 miles from north to south, half of which is already under the nominal dominion of the King of the Netherlands. The interior is almost unexplored.

Port Moresby and its neighbourhood, of which and of Darnley Island we present some interesting Sketches, drawn by Mrs. Scott, wife of a missionary lately returned from New Guinea, offer much greater advantages for a commercial settlement. The station is of considerable maritime importance, for the protecting of trade between the Chinese ports or the Malay Archipelago and our Australian Colonies; and there is a very fine harbour, which runs a little over two miles in a northerly direction, and then about the same distance west (Fairfax Harbour). It has been the headquarters of all the expeditions that have visited New Guinea. The natives are numerous and very friendly, willing to work for tobacco. A few horses, left by a party of gold-diggers some years ago, have multiplied considerably. The native name of the place is Anuapata, meaning a large village. Yule Island, on the coast, seventy miles north-west of Port Moresby, has an excellent harbour, and is very suitable for a British mercantile settlement. The neighbouring mainland is very fertile, and might be cultivated for all kinds of tropical produce.

Saibai is an island in Torres Strait two miles from the mainland of New Guinea; it is twelve miles long by three broad, low, and swampy. The population is about 500. The natives are active, intelligent, and friendly to Europeans. The houses are large, built on poles seven or eight feet high. Inside, the houses are divided into stalls, six or seven on each side of the room, and a passage down the centre. Each stall is occupied by one family. The natives do all the cooking and other occupations underneath the house. They cultivate large gardens, and make a great number of mats for trading purposes.

Mabuac is an island of volcanic origin, 525 ft. high; it has a fine harbour, which affords shelter for the great number of boats now engaged in the pearl-shell industry. It is fertile, and has running water all the year. Most of the natives are employed on the shelling-boats, and nearly all of them know a little English. Some flowers were found on this island that were not seen in any of the neighbouring islands.

Darnley Island, in the Gulf of Papua, has long been the headquarters of the bêche-de-mer or sea-slug fisheries; but the reef being nearly exhausted, the fishers are removing to the mainland. It is very fertile, abounding in coconuts, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, paupa fruit, and castor oil plants. Seventeen varieties of castors have been found there. Half the island has been granted to the London Missionary Society by the Queensland Government.

MILITARY SPORTS AT THE ALBERT HALL.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, witnessed a grand military assault at arms and gymnastic performances in aid of the Egyptian War Fund, at the Royal Albert Hall, on the afternoon of Monday week. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their children, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge, were also present, as well as Lord and Lady Wolseley, and many officers of rank. The contests and exercises were arranged and superintended by Lieutenant-Colonel Cleather, Inspector of Gymnasia, and were performed by the gymnastic staff of Aldershot, assisted by non-commissioned officers and men of the Navy, Army, and Volunteers, and the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. They began with the lance exercise by men from the 9th, 12th, and 17th Lancers, from the Cavalry Depot, Canterbury. This was followed by feats on the parallel bars by eleven staff instructors from Aldershot. Bayonet exercise by a company of Royal Marines Light Infantry, and cavalry sword exercise by Royal Horse Guards, showed excellent practice. The seamen gunners of her Majesty's ship *Excellent* went through a series of movements with the Nordenfeldt gun, turning it rapidly in all directions, and bringing it to bear, at imaginary ranges, against torpedo-boats and ironclads. Among the subsequent performances were those of the fire-escape exercise, with jointed ladders brought to bear against stages of scaffolding that rose to a height of 42 ft. Two accomplished swordsmen, M. Thieriet, teacher of the London Fencing Club, and M. Duret, of Paris, gave an exhibition of fencing. Captain Anstruther concluded the first part with feats of strength and dexterity in sabre-practice, cutting bars of lead, ribbons, handkerchiefs, and the carcass of a sheep, with a single stroke at each. Our sketches of this last-mentioned feat show the bringing in of the sheep, and carrying it away in two pieces. There was also much good boxing, single-stick, and wrestling; cutlass exercise, by the men of H.M.S. *Excellent*; a broad-sword encounter between Captain Fox, assistant-inspector of gymnasia, and Sergeant-Instructor Field, 4th Dragoon Guards; mounting and dismounting a gun, by the Royal Horse Artillery; and "the tug of war," between the boys of the training-ship *St. Vincent* and youngsters from the Woolwich garrison. Five military bands, those of the three Foot Guards' regiments, the 2nd Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards, played together at this entertainment.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of the Hon. Francis Edward Fitzalan Howard, only son of Lord Howard of Glossop, and Miss Greenwood, of Swardcliffe, Ripley, Yorkshire, only daughter of the late Mr. John Greenwood, was celebrated at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Cadogan-street, Chelsea, on Tuesday. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Mary and the Hon. Winifred Howard, sisters; Lady Margaret Howard, cousin; Lady Margaret Stuart, the Hon. Gwendoline and the Hon. Angela Maxwell, nieces of the bridegroom; Miss S. Hyde Parker, and Miss Gertrude Barnardiston. The Hon. Walter Maxwell was best man.

Major Walter James Lindsay (Rifle Brigade), second son of the Hon. Colin and Lady Frances Lindsay, and Miss Henrietta Julia Bloomfield, fifth daughter of Mr. Fitzmaurice G. Bloomfield, of New Park, county Waterford, were married a few days since at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington.

Lord Mount-Temple presided last Saturday over a Conference, held at Stafford House, to obtain an expression of sympathy with the Blue Ribbon and other temperance movements. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and many other distinguished persons, were present, and at the close a number of them assumed the Blue Ribbon.

On Monday the Mayor of Newbury opened an exhibition of fish at the Literary and Scientific Institute, the collection being arranged by the Newbury Angling Association. The collection remained on view until Thursday. Most of the specimens will be sent to the forthcoming International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington.

The annual Graduation ceremonial in Arts in connection with Edinburgh University was held yesterday week. The Lord Justice General, Chancellor of the University, conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. J. Bonar, of Greenock, the Rev. Edwin Hatch, Oxford, and the Rev. J. Wilson, New Abbey; and the degree of LL.D. on Professors Berry and Gairdner, Glasgow, Sir Alexander Galt, Professor Williamson, Manchester, Mr. Garnett, British Museum, and, in absence, on Mr. Trevelyan, M.P.

The general meeting of the members of the Art-Union of London took place on Tuesday morning in the Royal Adelphi Theatre, by permission of Messrs A. and S. Gatti, for the purpose of receiving the council's report and for the distribution of the amount subscribed for the purchase of works of art during the past year. Mr. George Godwin, a vice-president of the union, occupied the chair. The report showed that the subscriptions for the year just closed amounted to £10,693. Of this £2008 had been allotted for prizes, £657 set apart towards providing works of art for accumulated payments, and £4677 for print of the year, almanack, exhibition report, and reserve. The prizes were then drawn for in the usual manner. The winner of the first prize is J. J. Daw, Tavistock, who will be entitled to select a work of art of the value of £100. The second (£75) is Dr. A. Davey, Isle of Wight; third (£60), T. C. Lynn, King Edward-street; fourth and fifth (£50 each), W. H. F. Baily, Port Adelaide, and G. Fairweather, Adelaide.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The brief season (four weeks only) at Drury-Lane Theatre closed on Saturday last, when "Colomba" was performed in the afternoon, and "Mignon" in the evening. The latter work was then given for the only time this season, and included Madame Marie Roze's fine performance of the title-character—Mr. Rosa having conducted on this occasion.

Short as the season has been, it has sufficed to bring forward two new English operas of large proportions, each composed expressly for Mr. Carl Rosa's company. As both Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" and Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba" were fully commented on at the time of their production, it is only requisite now to say that the success at first obtained was equalled at each of their repeated performances. Mr. Rosa's efforts to establish English opera in this country have for some years deserved the highest encomiums. It will certainly be strange if, after all that he has done in this direction, this country should not produce composers worthy of comparison with most of those at present existing abroad. Two new grand operas, produced within a period of four weeks, is an achievement which deserves special recognition; and it is to be hoped that their reception during the provincial tour of the company may equal that which they met with at Drury-Lane Theatre, and that Mr. Rosa may, in every respect, have reason to congratulate himself on his spirited endeavour to foster native musical talent. The operatic company which has just vacated Drury-Lane Theatre has been—as in Mr. Rosa's previous London seasons—one of general efficiency, their representations having been distinguished by a general completeness that was highly satisfactory. Madame Georgina Burns in the title-character of "Esmeralda," and Madame Valleria in that of *Colomba*, were excellent in every respect; a special feature in the performance just closed having been the very satisfactory rendering of the English version of Beethoven's "Fidelio," with the highly artistic performance of Madame Marie Roze as Leonora. The orchestra and chorus have been all that could be desired, and the duties of conductor have been very ably fulfilled by Mr. Randegger, occasionally replaced by Mr. E. Goossens—Mr. Mackenzie's "Colomba" having been conducted by himself. As previously said, this work is to be produced at the Hamburg Opera during the forthcoming autumn season.

The Royal Italian Opera Company (Limited) will begin its new season on Tuesday evening next. We have already given an outline of the arrangements and engagements, and have now merely to announce the reopening of Covent Garden Theatre for a new series of operatic performances. The opera selected is Verdi's "Aida," with Madame Fursch-Madi in the title-character, Mdle. Stahl as Amneris, Signor Cotogni as Amonasro, Signor De Reszké as Ramfis, and the first appearance in England of Signor Marconi as Radamès.

The second of Señor Sarasate's concerts at St. James's Hall—on Thursday week—was as successful as the first occasion. Again the great violinist displayed his exceptional skill; his performances on this occasion having been in Mendelssohn's concerto, and fantasias of the composer's own composition. Beethoven's C minor symphony and other orchestral pieces, effectively rendered by the Philharmonic band directed by Mr. Cousins, the conductor thereof, made up a concert of sterling interest.

The Guildhall School of Music is flourishing under the energetic direction of Mr. Weist Hill, as was proved by a concert which was given last Saturday afternoon in the Guildhall. The most important features in the programme were selections from Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," which were very effectively rendered by the Guildhall choir and orchestra, and solo vocalists who are students of the school. A specialty in the miscellaneous portion of the concert was the skilful violin playing of Miss Marie Schumann in Spohr's dramatic concerto.

A séance musicale is to be given this (Saturday) afternoon by the pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at the residence of Mrs. Richardson-Gardiner, Grosvenor-square.

Of the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society's present season—which took place this week—we must speak in our next publication. The programme contained two special novelties—a manuscript overture, which has gained the prize offered for competition by the society; and a new scena, composed expressly for Madame Patey by Sir Julius Benedict.

This (Saturday) afternoon the Bach Choir gives the third and last concert of the season; an appropriate close to which will be offered by the performance of Bach's great Mass in B minor, which has been given six times by this institution.

Mr. George Gear—a talented young pianist—gave a concert at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, when his own performances, in solo and concerted pieces, were features in the programme.

M. Eugène Wagner gave a pianoforte recital, at Collard and Collard's concert-room, Grosvenor-street, on Thursday.

The South London Choral Association gave the fifth annual concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, when the programme comprised a varied selection of vocal music, solo and choral.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's concert of yesterday (Friday) evening consisted of Schubert's Mass in E flat and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" ("Hymn of Praise").

The final subscription concert of the season of Mr. Willing's choir will take place at St. James's Hall next Tuesday, when, in addition to a repetition performance of Gade's "Psyche," the programme will include selections from Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" (including the Rataplan chorus), Gounod's "Reine de Saba," and Schumann's "Gipsy Life." The band and chorus will number nearly 300 performers, and be conducted by Mr. Willing.

The third Annual Festival of Village Choirs was held in the Powis Hall, Oswestry, last Saturday, conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie. The number of competitors was larger than in previous years, and the general quality of the singing showed a distinct advance during the past twelve months. Eleven village choirs, numbering 548 voices, took part in the festival, and, with the Oswestry Festival and Junior Choirs, formed a chorus of about 750 voices.

At the Royal Academy of Music, the Lady Goldsmid Scholarship was awarded on Monday to Annie V. Meekle.

The third of Madame Dukas's concerts for her pupils took place on Thursday afternoon at Steinway Hall, Mr. Walter von Noorden being the accompanist. Between the parts Mrs. Fairfax made a few remarks on elocution, and its bearing on vocal music.

Miss Holland, with her choir, will give a performance of her new cantata, "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg," under Royal and distinguished patronage, in aid of the Ladies' Association for the Rescue of Friendless Girls in St. Marylebone and Paddington, at Grosvenor House, next Friday.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

That charming and energetic *opéra bouffe* artiste Miss Kate Santley having complied to the fullest with all that the most exigent of Lord Chamberlains and Metropolitan Boards of Works could insist upon in the way of exits and entrances, staircases and proscenium walls, opened on Monday, the 23rd, under very brilliant auspices indeed, the re-edited Royalty Theatre, with a new and original comic opera in two acts, called "The Merry Duchess," written by Mr. G. R. Sims, and composed by Mr. Frederic Clay, author of "The Princess Toto," and many other delightfully melodious works. I give the names of the authors of "The Merry Duchess," according to the order of precedence in the programme, although I think that the composer's name ought to come first. We say Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil," although the French say the "Robert le Diable" of Scribe and Meyerbeer. Truly we say Gay's "Beggars' Opera," but then Gay was not troubled with any composer at all. He took his property wheresoever he found it, and joyously plundered every British musician of note—from Dick Allison to Harry Lawes, from Orlando Gibbons to Purcell. Let me hasten to say that "The Merry Duchess" was received with enthusiastic applause by a crowded house, and achieved a complete and brilliant success for the writer, the composer, and the zealous and capable artistes engaged in its interpretation. One could not help thinking a little, ere the overture commenced, on the strange vicissitudes undergone, during a not very lengthened period of existence, by the "Small House in Dean-street, Soho." You may know that on the site of Miss Kate Santley's new Temple of comic opera once stood the private residence of the late Miss Kelly. In 1840, when that admirable actress was in her fiftieth year, she purchased some freehold premises in Dean-street for the establishment, there, of a School of Dramatic Art. Pupils flocked to her, and the school was a success.

Dazzled by prosperity and the flattering promises of her aristocratic friends, the heroine of "The Maid and the Magpie" determined to take a yet bolder step. She converted the large yard and stabling into "The Theatre Royal, Dean-street, Soho," and, if I mistake not, the scenery for the new theatre was painted by Mr. James, some time proprietor of the Queen's, afterwards the Prince of Wales's Theatre, by Tottenham-court-road, a theatre now defunct. The toy theatre in Soho opened at the end of May, 1840, with a play by Morris Barnett, called "Summer and Winter," in which the author and Miss Kelly sustained the principal parts; but no later than the following November poor Miss Kelly, after giving a scarcely successful monologue entertainment called "At Home," was fain to retire into private life. She had lost seven thousand pounds. Ten years afterwards the toy theatre was advertised as "The New English Opera House," opening with a new grand opera in three acts, by Alexander Mitchell, "the blind composer." It was very much of a "Last Crusade" indeed; and the grand opera was pronounced A Grand Old Failure. In 1861 the house was entirely reconstructed and opened as the "New Royalty," and there the lamented Adelaide Neilson made her début as Juliet in 1866. On the success of the Royalty under the management of the late Miss Martha Oliver I need not dwell. Are not the triumphs of "Ixion" and "Black-Eyed Susan" and Mr. F. C. Burnand imperishably graven on the tablets of the "Fasti Consulares"? If they are not to be found there, all I can say is that they ought to be. For the rest, with brief "spurts" of prosperity recurring at irregular intervals, the fortunes of the little old Royalty were, on the whole, dark and dismal. Let us hope that the success of "The Merry Duchess" may be as continuous as that of "Black-Eyed Susan," so as to justify such a paraphrase of the old proverb about the pitcher, to this effect: "The manageress went often to the petroleum well and struck 'ile' at last."

The plot of "The Merry Duchess," studded as it is with droll episodes and equivocal, is fundamentally very simple. The beautiful and eccentric Duchess of Epsom Downs is the owner of a mare called Damozel, which she intends shall win the Doncaster St. Leger. She is passionately enamoured of her jockey, Freddy Bowman, whom she designs to marry after he has won the great race. But her frolicsome Grace has made a bet with a certain Lord Johnnie, with the forfeit that, if Damozel does not win, she is to bestow her hand on the peer. The services of Freddy Bowman have only been lent to the Duchess. He is in reality the hired servant of Lord Johnnie, who, warned by traitors, exercises his right of "first call." Subsequently, to prevent his riding any horse at all, a sham charge of assault is preferred against Freddy, and he is locked up in the station-house behind the Grand Stand on the racecourse; but he is rescued by an excited mob of mashers, members of Parliament, flower-girls, sporting publicans, and welshers; and he does win the St. Leger and marry the Duchess of Epsom Downs; and everybody else in the piece is made happy except Lord Johnnie, who, it may be surmised, consoles himself by drinking lemon squash, smoking cigarettes, and taking stalls for the next two years and a half (when he will become a decorous peer and attend the meetings of the Social Science Association) at the Gaiety Theatre, Strand. As for Freddy Bowman's little escapade of assault, and breaking out of the station-house, that is swiftly arranged by the Home Secretary (fortuitously present on the Grand Stand) writing a "free pardon" for Freddy on a page torn from the right honourable gentleman's betting-book. In addition to the plot there are at least four under-plots, all ingeniously associated, however, with the central idea of Damozel winning or not winning the St. Leger. In fact, although some of the incidents are so whimsically extravagant as to induce the impression that Mr. Sims has been spending "a happy day" with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, "The Merry Duchess" is, on the whole, as coherent and harmonious a work as the costume of a harlequin, which, although it may seem at first to be only so much glittering patchwork, will be found, on examination, to be very symmetrically constructed: each patch being adjusted in rigid accordance with the received canons of artistic and pantomimic tradition. Mr. Sims's extraordinary familiarity with the minutest gradations of Bohemian and "horsey" life, language, and manners has enabled him to make his libretto a kind of human kaleidoscope; and although the whole action of the piece takes place in only two scenes, the characters and incidents are so continually shaken up by a dexterous turn of the playwright's wrist as to present an almost endless succession of novel and droll situations. It may be hypercritical to say so; but I am quite candid in saying that, on the whole, Mr. Sims's dialogue is just a little too clever. I do not mean in its abundance of witty repartee and *jeux de mots*, but its (to my mind) excessive affluence of subjects touched upon. The "hits" are multitudinous, but they occur so rapidly that they are occasionally not quite palpable; and the pit and gallery sometimes seize a "point" which the boxes and stalls lose. A slight slackening, now and again, of the incessant fusillade of smart "topical" allusions would be productive of a little much-needed repose, and enhance the artistic finish of an extremely droll and witty performance.

Mr. Sims is a tasteful and fluent lyricist, and his vivacious verses fit excellently well to the merry yet softly flowing

harmonies of Mr. Frederic Clay. It would be idle to object that the numbers of "The Merry Duchess" are devoid of any distinctly new and original melodies. Perhaps there have not been so many as a hundred distinctly original melodies in the entire repertory of song from the days of Timotheus down to those of Arthur Sullivan and Frederic Clay; but if the composer of "The Merry Duchess" does occasionally introduce us to an old friend, the ancient acquaintance has such a very new face, and is, all things considered, so much the better for the change, that we soon cease pondering over where and when we have met him before. At all events, Mr. Clay is never vulgar and never noisy; and, while graceful vivacity is the key-note of his operatic composition, he can be, and often is, in "The Merry Duchess," very tender and pathetic. A "bird song" in the first act, and the chorus "Room for the Duchess of Epsom Downs," are specially noticeable in the first act; while a chorus of "tigers" in boots and buckskins is as skilful in its construction as it is almost incomparably "taking" in its singing and acting. The house went wild with excitement over the "Tigers' Chorus" (which is effective enough to have "carried" an otherwise bad *opéra-bouffe*; and "The Merry Duchess" is a very good one); and it was encored over and over again. The quintet, "Woe is me, Alhama!" in the second act, is also a most dexterous musical mingling of the comic and sentimental elements.

The acting and singing were consistently excellent. Miss Kate Munroe as the Duchess looked, acted, and sang charmingly; while Miss Kate Santley, as Rowena, the lovely and loving spouse of an abandoned "macer," named Brabazon Sikes—to further whose villainous ends she consents to "noble" Damozel in his stable—was a model of graceful sprightliness, not without a savour of the true Parisian *chic*. The masquerading, too, of the depraved Sikes (capitally played by Mr. H. Ashley) and Miss Kate Santley, as a sham Persian ambassador and a Spanish minstrel and cachuca and castanets dancer of the "Perea Nena" type was irresistibly humorous. A pair of lovers, Dorothy Bowman and Captain Walker of the Yeomanry, were done full justice to by Miss Rose and Mr. H. Hallam respectively. Farmer Bowman, the popular jockey's father, was all that it should have been in the hands of Mr. Furneaux Cook; Mr. F. Kaye was highly meritorious, and looked like Sir John Bennett seen through the small end of an opera-glass as Sir Lothbury Jones, a millionaire stockbroker, who hates gambling—on the turf—and last, but not least, Mr. W. Gregory as the fashionable jockey, Freddy Bowman, acted with imperturbable coolness, and sang with taste and expression. The piece had been thoroughly well rehearsed; the orchestra is skilfully directed by Mr. Jules Guillon, the scenery is bright, the costumes are handsome, the dances are well arranged (and there are not too many of them); and, altogether, "The Merry Duchess" is a comic opera to hear again and again. Unless I am very much mistaken, "there is money in it."

I am glad to hear that on Monday Miss Lingard, a lady as talented as she is charming, gave a zestful impulse to Mr. Edgar Bruce's venture at the Imperial. This clever actress reappeared with success as the heroine of "Camille," in which rôle I must see her next week.

G. A. S.

Mr. Edward Rose's dramatic version of "Vice Versa" will be played at the Imperial Theatre next Wednesday afternoon, by the original company.

The anniversary of Shakspeare's birth was commemorated on Monday in his native town in a comparatively quiet manner. A large number of visitors resorted to Stratford, which was gaily decorated with flags, and the poet's birth-place and the church where his remains are interred were objects of great interest. In the evening Mr. Creswick's company gave a special performance of "King Lear" in the Memorial Theatre. At the annual meeting of the Shakspeare Memorial Association it was reported that the Governors had decided to complete their work by the erection of the central tower, and that a contract had been entered into for the purpose. It was added that the grounds adjacent to the buildings under their charge were about to be acquired by the town, converted into public gardens, and connected with those belonging to the society.

The reopening of the Alhambra is announced to take place in October next. A new spectacular fairy opera by Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Frederic Clay will be the first novelty.

A REST BY THE WAY.

The rustic maiden who has stopped in her path homeward from a task of light field-labour, with her sickle and gathered sheaf, resting by the way upon a convenient stile, the foot-board of which affords particularly good accommodation, will be apt to spend a few minutes in some reverie of fond imagination, the subject of which may be guessed from the natural disposition of youth in her sex. As Burns puts it into Scottish song,

But there is one, a secret one,
Aboon them all I love him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his father was na laird,
And though I hae na mickle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, purest love,
We'll tend our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was gear, it isna wealth,
That buys contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bond and bliss of mutual love,
Oh that's the chiefest life-long treasure!

Mr. C. R. N. Talbot, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, has given £50 to the building fund of the Swansea Young Men's Christian Association.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has granted £100 to the mother of Constable Cox, who was shot dead in Abbey-street, Dublin, in November last, in an affray with Fenians.

The Duke of Westminster has contributed £100 to the fund for completing the buildings of the London Temperance Hospital, situated in the Hampstead-road.

Lord Aberdare presided on Tuesday at a meeting held at the Society of Arts, with a view to founding a system of self-supporting schools of intermediate education.

Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., the Irish Secretary, has accepted the nomination of the Edinburgh University Liberal Association as candidate for the Lord Rectorship.

The King of Portugal has conferred the knighthood of the Royal Portuguese Order of Our Lady of Conceição of Villa Viçosa on Mr. John Brinsmead, the founder of the firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, the well-known pianoforte-makers.

Our Portrait of the late Lord Talbot de Malahide is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street; that of Sir Spencer Wells, Bart., from one by Mr. G. Jerrard, of Claudet's Photographic Studio, Regent-street; and that of Sir R. H. Wyatt, by Messrs. Barraud and Jerrard, of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The House of Lords still compares favourably with the Lower House in one respect. Their Lordships continue to set the Commons a good example, which those tediously verbose members who revel in prolixity are as loth as ever to follow. It would be impossible to transact legislative business more rapidly than the Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Redesdale do. Moot points are duly, not unduly, considered by the House; and bills are either negatived or passed through the various stages with commendable dispatch. What is the happy consequence? Noble Lords can, as a rule, adjourn in ample time for dinner, without the distasteful necessity of impeding digestion by post-prandial discussion in the close atmosphere of the Upper House.

There have not been many questions brought before the House of Lords within the past week. There has been little, accordingly, to interfere with the enjoyment by Prince and peer of Sandown Park and Newmarket races. A few subjects, however, call for a word of notice. That Admirable Crichton of the Government, Lord Rosebery, deigning to favour their Lordships for the nonce with a spice of that supreme sagacity which presumably won for him a double victory at Epsom, on April 20, had no difficulty in persuading their Lordships that it would be inexpedient to sanction Lord Onslow's bill for licensing theatricals for charitable purposes in private theatres. Charity already covers a sufficiently large multitude of sins. On Monday, a not unfamiliar American accent was heard. It was the Mark Twainish speech (as regards mode of delivery alone) of the Earl of Dunraven, who advocated emigration across the Atlantic as a panacea for the chronic distress in the West of Ireland. Hopeful news for many impoverished cots in that distressful district should be the announcement of Lord Carlisle that Canada would be likely to offer home and comfort to Irish emigrants ere long. By his withdrawal of Clause 15 from the Contempt of Courts Bill Lord Selborne showed some mercy to clergymen who may prove as contumacious as the Rev. Mr. Green; but not unseasonable, at the same time, was the Marquis of Salisbury's vigorous recommendation that steps should at once be taken to obviate the scandal of any future imprisonment of a minister of the Church on the grounds of contumacy. Bishop Colenso's interest in the intelligent Zulu is apparently shared by the Earl of Camperdown, who on Tuesday was satisfactorily replied to by the Earl of Derby with regard to the alleged encroachments of Boers on the Zulu frontier. The Secretary for the Colonies (who, by-the-way, is unlikely to have countenanced Mr. Ashley's singularly injudicious charge in the Commons the same day against the Correspondent in that part of the world of the *Daily News*, the Ministry's staunchest defender) made it clear that Mr. Bok, Secretary to the Transvaal Government, has adopted a conciliatory tone towards this country, and promised that, if the encroachments complained of had taken place, Boers should be strictly forbidden to cross the border. It may be added that the Marquis of Lansdowne, as chairman of the Channel Tunnel Committee, has elicited from Sir Edward Watkin many facts of interest and importance with respect to the project to deprive this country of the advantage of "the silver streak" as a sovereign belt of defence.

Laudable enough is the sudden access of zeal for Economy in public expenditure on the part of the Radical wing in the Commons. It has been signalled by a curious union—the oil and vinegar alliance of Mr. P. Rylands and Mr. Labouchere. The Prime Minister having eulogised the skill of Lord Alcester in conducting the naval operations of the Egyptian Expedition and having formally proposed on the 19th inst. that an annuity of £2000 should be granted to his Lordship and his heir, Mr. Labouchere succeeded in occasioning considerable annoyance on the Treasury bench by a sarcastic flank fire, skilfully poured in, to the rapturous delight of the Opposition, who keenly relished the increasing sternness of Mr. Gladstone's pale face, and Mr. Chamberlain's grim reception of this quiet but effective attack. Mr. Labouchere's motion for the rejection of the proposal was negatived by 209 votes against 77. But, obviously, the accepted member for Northampton reached a step nearer office. Ministers do not like to be open to be stung in the side by so formidable a thorn. The grant to Lord Alcester was approved eventually by a large majority; and so was the similar grant to Lord Wolseley, Mr. Broadhurst's amendment being rejected by 178 votes against 55. Yet there evidently prevailed a disrelish of these pensions for comparatively small services.

Mr. Stansfeld has actually been seen to smile. He has achieved the object of his life. On the 20th inst. the right hon. member saw his pet motion carried by 182 votes to 110.

Many mistakes have been made by many public men with regard to the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's eligibility to take his seat in the House of Commons. He has himself to thank for being obnoxious to a large number of persons. A logical and desirable method of settling the existing difficulty, however, is placed before the House by the Government measure to permit any member averse to an oath to make a simple affirmation of allegiance to the Crown. As Sir Henry James pointed out, in ably introducing this bill on Monday, Mr. Bradlaugh's power can only be increased outdoors by maintaining the ban which excludes him from the seat to which he has been repeatedly elected by Northampton. Being non-retrospective in its action, the bill may yet be accepted without regard to the case especially of Mr. Bradlaugh, who would not, in the event of its passing, be allowed to enter Parliament unless he should be again returned. Bearing in mind Sir Stafford Northcote's considerate remarks at an earlier stage of this troublesome question, the zeal and fervour with which Sir R. Cross assailed the Affirmation Bill appeared somewhat inexplicable, unless the Conservative chiefs have resolved to make this unsavoury Bradlaugh problem a war cry at coming elections. Colour was given to this idea by the suggestion of Baron de Worms (whose own faith should have caused him to be the last to attack the Liberal Party on this matter) that Mr. Gladstone should take a new banner, bearing the strange device of "Bradlaugh and Blasphemy!"

The House has since fed on something more satisfying than the diet of Worms. On Tuesday the Metropolitan District Railway Bill was read a second time; but, by a majority of 90, the Committee was empowered, at the suggestion of Mr. Marriott, to direct the Company to remove the hideous chimneys erected on the Thames Embankment and elsewhere for ventilating purposes. When will an Electricity Storage Company provide the trains of the Underground Railway with motive power, and thus purify the air? Lord E. Fitzmaurice was enabled the same evening to assure Dr. Cameron that the Government would see justice was done in the case of the Spanish steam-ship Leon XIII. On Wednesday the Irish Poor Removal Bill, being improperly prepared, was withdrawn; and a conversation ensued on Mr. Richard's Cemeteries Bill to absolve the authorities from dividing the grounds into two parts. Debate on this reasonable bill was adjourned.

We shall probably not learn when the Government propose to bring in the Agricultural Tenants' Compensation Bill and the London Municipality measure till the House has come to a decision on the Affirmation Bill.



A REST BY THE WAY.



Mexican Cactus.

Barbary Aloe.

Plumbago Capensis in blossom.

A FLORAL PAINTER (MISS MARIANNE NORTH) IN SOUTH AFRICA.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

It is usual for business to be active at this season of the year, and financially there is generally a spell of animation from the beginning of April to the end of June. Up to the end of March the payment of the national taxes not only engages attention, but in a most substantial manner mops up the surplus resources of the people and of the money market. With the turn of the fiscal year the inward flow not only ceases, but is succeeded by an efflux. With money abundant and cheaper, and individuals feeling free from at least one set of claims for some time, attention is given to investments and speculation, and this usually continues, as has been said, up to July, when the holiday season comes in as another diverting circumstance; for it should be borne in mind that, while in a country like ours a large and probably an increasing business is always going on, financial activity, such as is under consideration, is the result, mainly, of periodical conditions of ease and surplus resources. Why it is that this year the experience is not as ordinary is difficult to explain. The raids of last year were no doubt flagrant and quickly disastrous; and though investors are believed to have short memories, and to be easily diverted from the past by fresh leads, it does not appear that on this occasion attention can be so readily transferred. There is no reason to suppose that money is not accumulating on the accustomed scale, but it is not at all clear what is being done with it unless, as is possible, the very large sums which are being in various ways laid out on British account in Canada and some other places explain it. Such money, be it remembered, need not leave the country in the shape of gold coin, it being placed here to the credit of one and another, and ultimately used for the payment of rail-makers and others who are executing contracts for Canadian railway and similar works. If this view can be safely taken, the present speculative inactivity is subject for satisfaction rather than discontent, though "the Stock Exchange," as such, can scarcely be expected to be pleased with any form of diversion of business from them.

Old-world securities have been further affected for a week or more past by certain monetary considerations. Gold has been flowing out of the Bank of England on Dutch account, and there is in certain quarters some talk of the Bank Rate needing to be raised; but at present it may be doubted if such a step is in prospect. An idea of that sort, however, only exercises a beneficial corrective influence, and it is almost a pity to say a single word to check its action. Our national stocks have receded a little on account of these views, if they have not been affected by the now general desire to get more than 3 per cent for investments. In connection with this surmise, it is worth noting that at the same time municipal stocks have continued to rise in value. Moreover, less of weakness has been exhibited by many groups of foreign securities, though in only one or two instances have there been recognised grounds for it. French Rentes have been disturbed by successive statements as to the conversion of the 5 per cents into lower interest rente, and as I write the Government are advocating an exchange into short-term 4½ per cents. What may be the fate of such plan it is yet too early to presume, but though it is in the direction of the national interest, it is so much short of what is demanded in the national interest that it is difficult not to be thereby impressed with the weakness of the Government, and of the deficient public spirit which surrounds the Ministers. Another national stock, that of Portugal, has been weakened by a report that the whole debt was to be refunded into a higher-interest stock. The present value of Portuguese three per cents is not much over 50, and a 5 per cent stock would be under par; while the reduction of the nominal amount of the debt which such an exchange would bring about would have the advantage of placing the statistical position of the country in a greatly improved light to superficial observers and commentators. The debt per head of population—a common way of estimating a nation's financial position—would be thereby reduced by nearly one half. Spain has just done this, and has no doubt set an example to Portugal. Moreover, any rearrangement affords an opportunity to add in floating debt, or even to provide for new occasions, which cannot but favour such a scheme to Portuguese Ministers in the present state of that country's finances.

It is still not possible to comment under this head without having something more to say with regard to Grand Trunk affairs. The inflated speculation both for and against Trunk stocks scarcely permits the market to be viewed rationally by those who are very near to it, or by those who are individually concerned. The decline has continued, and those who are against prices are devising every kind of rumour to favour their wishes, and perhaps as much ingenuity has been displayed on the other side. The "bears" have, however, been assisted by a disappointing traffic and by a reduction in rates: but the latter is only the concession which usually accompanies the opening of the lake competition. It is pointed out that in the first half of 1882 the current rate per 100 lb. was 20 cents. So far this year it has been 30, and the reduction now made is to 25. There is not much in that therefore to create dismay, while it seems something to be able to say that as regards purely Canadian competition there is no evidence of a desire on any side to force down the rates. The relations of the company with the Canadian Pacific, if such a word as relations can be correctly used, demand no fresh comment.

T. S.

A FLORAL PAINTER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our readers will remember that we presented, some time ago, the Portrait of Miss Marianne North, a lady of high accomplishments, an amateur artist and enthusiastic botanist, who had generously made a gift of her large collection of botanical drawings to the national institution at Kew Gardens under the direction of Sir Joseph Hooker. We then noticed the extent and importance of Miss North's travels and personal researches in India and the East Asiatic Archipelago; and it has since been stated that she is now in South Africa, still occupied in examining and delineating the most beautiful and characteristic forms of vegetation peculiar to that soil and climate. Messrs. Aldham and Aldham, photographers, of Grahamstown, have sent us, with her permission, a photograph representing Miss North in the act of painting there, which we have much pleasure in reproducing in one of our engravings. At present it is her intention to go from Grahamstown to the Katberg and on to Queenstown, and from there on to St. John's river by land.

The statement in a country newspaper to the effect that Mr. Santley contemplates joining a religious community, and is at present residing as a lay brother at the Passionist Monastery, Sutton, is entirely without foundation.

The band of the National Sunday League will play for the first time this season in Regent's Park on Sunday next, at five p.m., and every Sunday (weather permitting) during the summer months.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 24.

Enfin, voilà le beau temps! Such is the unanimous cry of the Parisian journalists as they record the opening of the summer circus, of the cafés concerts, of the buds on the chestnut-trees in the Champs Elysées, and other traditional signs of spring and approaching summer. Truly, to read the journals one might imagine oneself at Portici or Palermo, or some other ideal spot. Alas! It is all a dream; for happening just now to look out at the window, I see it is snowing, and the wind is blowing bitterly from the north-east. It was ever thus. One can place no confidence in Parisian journals. For that matter, experience and the study of history lead one inevitably to ask in virtue of what astronomy, in virtue of what poetical prejudice, the Parisians, placed as they are near about the forty-eighth degree of latitude, imagine that they have a right to spring. In vain from time immemorial the elemental powers have replied to this pretension by snow and hail and rain and chilly blasts: the Parisians are incorrigible.

The past week was fertile in tragic events: a speculator named Biedermann killed himself in the office of his partner in a colza "corner"; a Russian Count, M. de Lagoda, fought a duel with a supposed rival in the environs of Paris, then hurried to Brussels, attempted the life of his mistress, an actress named Blanche Miroir, and ended by killing himself; on Thursday afternoon a Stock Exchange speculator, M. Altschuler, ran amuck on the Boulevard des Italiens with a revolver in each hand, and dangerously wounded three persons. Needless to say, Altschuler was found to be mad. But truly, there seems to be a sort of blood wave passing over the world nowadays. Even the reformers, whether Fenians or Anarchists or Communists, employ only the most violent means; husbands and wives take the law in their own hands; the stage is occupied with impersonations of assassins and cut-throats; the very walls of Paris are covered with gaudy pictures of murders, illustrating the principal scenes of the popular novels.

In contrast with this accustomedness to blood and violence, it is curious to notice occasional outbursts of sensibility. For instance, at the Opéra Comique last Saturday the revival of Bizet's "Carmen" was the occasion of quite a manifestation. The piece was produced at that theatre in 1875, without success. Since then Bizet's fame has grown, particularly abroad; and a number of enthusiasts had gathered in the theatre on Saturday prepared to applaud everything in the opera. During the first two acts all went well; then a feeling of uneasiness and fatigue began to take possession of the public. Some fanatics cried out against the orchestra and the artists, saying that Bizet was being purposely betrayed; others, the majority, expressed disgust at the character of Carmen, an inhuman monster covered with shame and crime, and fit only to be handed over to the police. In short, in 1883 as in 1875, "Carmen" threatens to create quite a scandal at the Opéra Comique; for in the original French version, it must be stated, the character of the heroine has not been toned down and attenuated as it has in the English and Italian librettos. Still, in comparison with the heroines of the crimes and romances of the day, Carmen is not so very terrible, after all.

At the Gymnase a new drama, in four acts, "Le Père de Martial," by M. Albert Delpit, has been produced with great success. The subject, as usual, is adultery, and the family complications to which it leads—apparently the unique subject of modern French playwrights. The piece contains many bold and moving situations, and its author, M. Delpit, is proclaimed by the critics unanimously to be the coming dramatist, the Sardou of the future. M. Delpit is a man of thirty-four years of age, who has already achieved considerable success as a novelist. Two years ago his play "Le Fils de Coralie" was the event of the dramatic season at the Gymnase.

Notes and News.—The reassembled Chamber of Deputies has been deep in the discussion of the conversion of the 5 per cent Rente to 4½ per cent. Last night the bill was agreed to by 400 to 107.—At a Cabinet Council held yesterday morning, it was decided to send to Tonkin an expeditionary force, consisting of 1500 men, and to apply to the Chamber for a credit of 5,000,000f. "for protecting the rights of France in Tonkin."—At the Spring Meeting on Sunday, Mr. C. J. Lefevre won the Poule d'Essai for colts with Regain: Baron de Rothschild's Skye being second, and the Duc de Castries' Manoel third.—Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, was received at the French Academy on Thursday last. In his speech, which was not remarkable, he sketched, according to the traditions of the Academy, the life and works of his predecessor, the poet Auguste Barbier.—Death and illness have been busy this year amongst the notabilities of French art and letters. The novelist and dramatist Jules Sandeau is dead; Ivan Tourgueneff is in danger; the painter Manet has had one of his feet amputated, and his recovery is by no means sure; and, finally, the oldest member of the Société des Gens de Lettres, M. Michel Masson, died on Sunday night at the age of eighty-three, without ever having had an illness in his life. Michel Masson was author of a number of novels, and of more than 200 dramatic works, mostly in collaboration with Anicet Bourgeois, Scribe, Dennery, and others.—To-morrow, a few days only before the opening of the Salon, a remarkably interesting exhibition of portraits will be opened at the Palais de l'Industrie. The three hundred portraits exhibited are signed by all the great artists of the century, from Boilly, Greuze, David, and Gérard, up to Baudry, Delaunay, and Bastien Lepage. In this collection, the interest of the models naturally often vies with the interest of the portraits themselves.

T. C.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies on Monday the annuity of £4000 to the Duke of Genoa on the occasion of his marriage with Princess Isabella of Bavaria was voted by 245 ayes against 23 noes.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Standard* reports that Señor Rute, the husband of Princess Bonaparte Wyse, has been wounded in a duel fought with a newspaper director.

The Lisbon Geographical Society has awarded their gold medal for this year to Mr. Carl Bock, the distinguished Eastern traveller, who has also been recently elected corresponding member of the Italian Anthropological Society.

The King and Queen of the Netherlands arrived at the Palace at the Hague on their return from England last Saturday.—After two months of uncertainty, a new Ministry of a Conservative character has been formed. The Premier is M. Heemskerk, who also takes the portfolio of the Interior.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have been presented with a fund collected in Germany on the occasion of their Silver Wedding, and have resolved to devote it to the promotion of the welfare of the people, especially in the direction of sanitary improvements. The Crown Prince and Princess and the Princess Charlotte, with a small suite, left Berlin on Monday for Venice. They travel in strict incognito as the Count and Countess Lingen.—A literary convention between France and Germany for the protection of authors' rights was signed at Berlin on Thursday week.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath has rejected, by 174 votes against 158, a proposal of the minority to waive the discussion of the School Amendment Bill by passing to the order of the day, and decided by 174 votes against 164 to commence the debate on the different clauses of the measure.—The funeral of the late Archduchess Marie Antoinette took place at Vienna on Tuesday. The Emperor was present, and much pomp was displayed at the ceremony.

In Monday night's sitting of the Norwegian Parliament, the proposal of the Parliamentary Committee to impeach all the Councillors of State was adopted by 53 votes against 32.

The emigration from Switzerland shows no signs of diminution. On one day 200 peasants from the Oberland and the Emmenthal left Berne, en route for the United States.

Advices from St. Petersburg announce that the Emperor and Empress of Russia will reach Moscow on May 21, and that the Coronation will take place on the 27th. The festivities, which will include eight grand balls, will last until June 8, and the Czar and his Imperial consort will make their State entry into St. Petersburg on June 10. During the Coronation festivities Moscow will be protected by a force of the Imperial Guard, numbering over thirteen thousand, with 3613 horses and twenty-two guns, independent of a strong force of police.—The trial of eighteen prominent Nihilists at St. Petersburg has ended in six of them being condemned to death, and the others to penal servitude—two for life, and the rest to various shorter terms.

President Arthur was seized with illness on his way back to Washington from his tour in Florida; but he is said to have completely recovered his health. He arrived at Washington on Sunday.—There has been a most disastrous and wide-spread cyclone in the States. Its effects were felt in Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Violent storms have also occurred in the Western States. The cyclone was most destructive in South-Western Mississippi. Fifty persons were killed in Wesson, Beauregard, Tillman, Lawrence, and West Point, between 150 and 200 houses being levelled with the ground. At Beauregard twenty-three were killed and ninety injured. Two hundred dwellings were destroyed, and a pine forest was blown from its site. A child was transported a hundred yards unhurt. The thunder and lightning, torrents of rain, and a deep rumbling sound shaking the windows as though by an earthquake, foretold the approach of the storm. Nearly a hundred persons were killed, and three hundred more injured.

A great fire has occurred at Quebec. The Parliament building was burnt down, the west wing alone being saved. According to a despatch from Quebec, the fire is believed to have been the work of an incendiary.

On the 19th inst. Delhi was the scene of a terrible conflagration, which resulted in the destruction of 2000 houses.

A telegram from Melbourne states that the Governor, in his speech proroguing Parliament, warmly approved of the annexation of New Guinea.

THE PHOENIX PARK MURDER TRIALS.

The Special Commission Court at Dublin, presided over by Mr. Justice O'Brien, has been occupied, since Wednesday week, in trying the case of Timothy Kelly, a young man of nineteen years, who is charged with having assisted Joseph Brady in the actual killing of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke, on May 6, in the Phoenix Park. The Attorney-General and Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C., appeared to conduct the prosecution; while the prisoner was defended by Mr. D. B. Sullivan and Mr. M'Inerney. On Thursday week, the case was opened by the Attorney-General, and the witnesses Robert Farrell, James Carey, Joseph Smith, and Michael Kavanagh, were examined, giving evidence similar to what they had given on the trials of Joseph Brady and Daniel Curley, who were convicted and sentenced to death, as reported in our last. On the next day (Friday), after the examination of two or three other witnesses, Mr. D. B. Sullivan addressed the jury on behalf of Kelly, denouncing the witness Carey as an infamous perjured wretch, whose statements they could not believe. He then called witnesses to prove an *alibi*; the prisoner's brother, Pat Kelly, and five other young men, his friends and companions, who said that Tim Kelly was at a house in Aungier-street at the hour on that Saturday evening when the murders were done in the Phoenix Park. Mr. M'Inerney and Mr. Murphy, Q.C., having addressed the jury upon this evidence, Mr. Justice O'Brien summed up, and the jury withdrew for consultation at six o'clock. They returned into Court an hour afterwards, when the foreman said they could not agree. The Judge consented to discharge them, and ordered a new trial to begin on Monday morning. The trial was accordingly recommenced last Monday with a new special jury; Mr. Murphy opening the case. The same witnesses came forward and repeated their former statements. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. M'Inerney took the same line of defence as before, calling witnesses, on Tuesday, to prove an *alibi*, but several more of them in addition to those who came forward last week, and one of them was the prisoner's mother. Counsel on both sides were again heard, and on Wednesday Mr. Justice O'Brien charged the jury, but they were again unable to agree upon a verdict.

In London, at the Bow-street Police Court, Sir James Ingham, the Chief Magistrate, has been further engaged in the examination of the charge of treason-felony against Dr. Thomas Gallagher, alias Fletcher, Henry Hayward Wilson, Alfred Whitehead, Dalton, Curtin, Ansburch, and others, found in possession of dynamite for the purpose of destroying the Government buildings. The dynamite was that manufactured by Whitehead at Birmingham. The young man who called himself Norman, and who came from Birmingham and lodged in a private hotel in Southampton-street, Strand, was admitted as an approver to give evidence against the others. His real name is Lynch, a coachbuilder, from New York; and he described the incidents of his membership of a society in New York, the object of which was the freedom of Ireland by force; his being commissioned to come to London in charge of a box, which he threw overboard; having been told by Thomas Gallagher that it was intended to blow down the Houses of Parliament and the police headquarters in Scotland-yard; and his visit to Birmingham, where he saw Whitehead. A New York correspondent telegraphs that Lynch's confession is confirmed in nearly every particular by the latest inquiries. The magistrates at Cork have also continued their examination of the dynamite conspiracy agents in that city, and twenty fresh arrests have been made. Rumours are current of private information having been obtained concerning P. J. Tynan, or "Number One," and of an intention of our Government to demand his extradition, if he be in the United States. The Fenian Convention at Philadelphia was to be held on Thursday and Friday this week.

The state apartments of Windsor Castle are open to the public, until further notice.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty still suffers from the effects of the sprain, but is out of doors every day, either in a pony-chair or carriage. The Queen's duties, when possible, are not allowed to be performed for her. Notably yesterday week she held a council at Osborne, at which were present Lord Carlingford, Earl Sydney, and the Right Hon. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt; and Lord Justice Fry was sworn in a member of the Council. Her Majesty gave audiences to Lord Carlingford and Sir William Harcourt; and knighted Mr. Justice Charles Parker Butt, Mr. Justice Archibald L. Smith, Mr. C. William Siemens, Mr. Frederick Augustus Abel, Mr. Alderman Abraham Woodiwiss, Mr. Alderman Thomas Baker, Mr. Richard Henry Wyatt, and Mr. Henry Darvill; Princess Beatrice being present at the ceremony. The Princess of Wales, who arrived the previous day, afterwards drove out with her Majesty. On Saturday the Princess and Princess Beatrice, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein (who are on a visit at Osborne), walked with the Queen during her chair drive, the Princess of Wales returning to town in the afternoon. The Princesses attended Divine service on Sunday at Whippingham church, where the Rev. Canon Prothero officiated. Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein are out riding or driving every day.

Mr. Bassano has submitted to the Queen's inspection a portrait of herself, painted from photographs taken by him at Windsor.

Inquiries have been made by the Queen during Colonel Burnaby's illness as to his progress, and also for Lady Martin; and the state of the Dean of Windsor's health has been telegraphed to her daily.

Among many wreaths sent to Hughenden in commemoration of the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death were two from her Majesty, one of primroses and the other of white immortelles.

The Court went into mourning for a fortnight on the 19th inst. for the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, her Majesty's second cousin once removed.

The Prince of Wales held a Levée on Monday at St. James's Palace on behalf of her Majesty; the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar being present. It being Collar Day, Knights of the several orders wore their collars. The attendance was very numerous, and some 400 presentations were made.

The Queen's Drawingrooms will be held on May 10 and 21, and two more Levées will be held.

The Prince of Wales attended the Hon. Mrs. Stonor's funeral at Henley-on-Thames, the Princess being represented by Lord Colville of Culross; Colonel the Hon. W. Carington representing the Queen, from whom, as from other members of the Royal family, came floral offerings. One from the Prince and Princess had appended the words, "In token of affectionate and grateful remembrance, from Albert Edward and Alexandra—April 18, 1883"; and to another sent by the Princess, "For my dearest friend, Mrs. Stonor; from her devoted and sorrowing Alexandra. 'Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.'" Her Royal Highness went on a visit to the Queen at Osborne the next day, and stayed until Saturday. The Prince dined with the Earl of Fife in Cavendish-square, a small dance being given, after at which the Duke of Edinburgh was present. The Princess was absent, owing to her mourning for Mrs. Stonor. Yesterday week the Prince dined with Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp in Hill-street, a small evening party assembling after, during which a novel minstrel entertainment was given. Princess Christian came to town last Saturday on a visit to their Royal Highnesses. Divine service was attended on Sunday by all the members of the Royal family from Marlborough House. On Monday the Prince held the Levée, went to the Royal Albert Docks, near Woolwich, to inspect the new White Star steamer *Ionie*, which is about to proceed to New Zealand; and dined with Lord Carington and the Corps of Gentlemen at Arms at their mess at St. James's Palace. The Prince and Princess will visit Oxford on May Day, when a concert and a conversazione will be attended by them at the new Examination Schools. The next day his Royal Highness will lay the foundation-stone of Professor Monier Williams's new Indian Institute, with full Masonic honours, and will lunch with the Vice-Chancellor at Balliol College. The Prince will open the show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, to be held at Winchester in June, when he will be the guest of Lord Northbrook at Stratton Park.

Princess Christian has been awarded a certificate in nursing after attending a course of lectures at the Kensington (Major Gildea's) centre of the St. John Ambulance Association. Prince Christian has left Cumberland Lodge for Germany.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been busy in entertaining, and being entertained, as well as performing charitable duties. Their Royal Highnesses had one day a dinner and an evening party; on others they dined with Lord and Lady Hothfield in Chesterfield-gardens, and with the Premier and Mrs. Gladstone in Downing-street. The Duchess, who was accompanied by the Duke and their four children, a few days since opened a bazaar at Highgate School in aid of the Convalescent Home for Children in connection with All Saints' Mission. A guard of honour of the 14th Middlesex Volunteers was on duty, and the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under Mr. Charles Godfrey, performed. After the ceremony the Royal party made purchases at each stall, and upon leaving drove to Holly Lodge and had tea with Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Duchess of Connaught will open the Amateur Art Exhibition to be held at Lowther Lodge on May 2, 3, and 4 on behalf of several charities.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany have also been actively engaged in charitable works. The Duchess laid the foundation-stone of schools in connection with the Royal Chapel of the Savoy last Saturday, by her Majesty's desire; the site having been granted by the Queen, and the schools built at her expense. The Duke, as President, took the chair at the biennial festival of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor, for which subscriptions and donations were announced as £1200, including £50 from her Majesty and £25 from his Royal Highness. On Monday the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the new buildings which are about to be erected for the Birkbeck Institution, Breams-buildings, Chancery-lane. The subscription-list included £50 from his Royal Highness. The same evening the Duke presided at the anniversary dinner of the St. John's Foundation Schools, at Willis's Rooms. The Duke and Duchess left Charing-cross Station by the tidal train for Paris on Tuesday.

The Duke of Cambridge presided at the annual festival of the British Home for Incurables, at the Freemasons' Tavern.

The King and Queen of the Netherlands left England, via Queenborough, in the Valk, for Flushing, en route for Amsterdam; arriving at their palace at the Hague last Saturday.

THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Canon Farrar has been appointed Archdeacon of Westminster.

The Bishop of Llandaff is to be enthroned in his cathedral next Tuesday, being the Feast of St. Philip and St. James.

The Bishop of Rochester on Monday opened a school for infants in connection with St. John's Church, Waterloo-road.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Carr Glyn, Vicar of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, has been gazetted acting chaplain of the 4th Middlesex (West London) Rifle Volunteers.

It has been decided to establish a local memorial of the late Archbishop Tait, to take the form of a sedilia and other additions to the altar of Canterbury Cathedral.

At a meeting of the electors held at Oxford on Tuesday the Right Rev. Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter, was elected Bampton Lecturer for the ensuing year.

On Monday the Bishop of Oxford consecrated the new Church of St. John the Evangelist, Ayiesbury, which has been erected at a cost of about £6000, and is capable of seating about 400 persons.

The Rev. Henry Wace, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and professor of ecclesiastical history in King's College, has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to be one of his chaplains.

At a meeting of the general committee of the Archbishop of York's Portrait Fund, held in the Minster Library at York, on Monday, it was announced that the subscriptions already promised had reached upwards of £1000.

Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop-designate of Truro, has been presented with an address and testimonial (consisting of a silver pastoral staff, pair of silver candelabra, carriage and pony, and £3000) by his late parishioners of St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

Dr. Sandford, the Incumbent of St. John's, Edinburgh, was recently presented by his congregation with an antique silver vase and a cheque for £1200, as a parting gift on his acceptance of the bishopric of Tasmania.

On the 17th inst. the Bishop of Oxford consecrated St. Lawrence's Church at West Woodhay, six miles south-west of Newbury, on the borders of Hampshire. The church has been built from designs of Mr. Blomfield, at the cost of Mr. W. H. Cole, lord of the manor.

A lady, anxious to help some of the over-burdened Incumbents of the densely populous parishes of the diocese of Liverpool, has offered £1000 towards the maintenance of one or more Curates, provided a further sum of £1000 be subscribed, in sums of not less than £100, by others for the same object.

The Rev. W. B. Weighell, Curate of St. Margaret's, King's Lynn, has been publicly presented in that town with the Royal Humane Society's medal, in recognition of his bravery in rescuing Mrs. Bailey, whose life was endangered by the inundation caused by the high tide on the night of March 11.

Presiding at the anniversary meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society at Lambeth Palace on Tuesday, the Archbishop of Canterbury congratulated the organisation on the success attending their work, and hoped English counties would soon, like Cornwall, be roused to ask for the Sunday closing of public-houses.

The Rev. J. Bridger, the organising secretary of the Emigration Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, has sailed from Liverpool, on board the Allan Line steamer *Parisian*, with a party of 300 emigrants for Canada, under his charge. These include all classes of persons—farmers, mechanics, farm and general labourers, and domestic servants. Several are proceeding to Manitoba.

The memorial stone of the Church of All Saints' at San Remo was recently laid by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of a large assemblage of English residents. The subscriptions to the building fund at a lunch which followed the ceremony amounted to upwards of £120. Donations to the fund may be paid to Messrs. Twinings, 215, Strand; or to Mr. John Congreve, the British Vice-Consul at San Remo.

Henry Lambert has, at the Mansion House, been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for having interrupted Divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, denouncing it as a form of Popery; and Mr. W. H. Podmore, a solicitor, was charged at the Mansion House on Tuesday with creating a disturbance in St. Paul's, where he had insisted on having the cross and candlesticks removed. Sir R. Carden adjourned the case for a week.

On Wednesday (St. Mark's Day) the Venerable Richard Lewis, appointed to the diocese of Llandaff, the Rev. Canon Wilkinson, appointed to the diocese of Truro, and the Rev. Fox Sandford, appointed to the diocese of Tasmania, received episcopal consecration at St. Paul's Cathedral at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Bangor, Ely, St. David's, Lichfield, Newcastle, Bedford, Bloemfontein, Bishop Bromby, and another prelate.

On the 12th inst. the foundation-stone of the Hampstead Congregational Church was laid by the Rev. Dr. Moffat; who in a brief address contrasted its elaborate design with the rude structures which as a missionary he was accustomed to erect for the natives of South Africa, and expressed his confidence that the work carried on there would be attended with the Divine blessing. The ceremony was followed by a luncheon, at which several members of Parliament spoke.

The spring session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland has been held this week at Bloomsbury Chapel. The total receipts of last year amounted to £1229, and the expenditure to £1255. The returns of church membership showed a decrease, compared with the previous year—the number for 1881 having been 295,035, and that for 1882, 290,918. The education fund was reported to be satisfactory, there being a balance in hand of £202. The Rev. J. P. Chown, the new president, in the course of his opening address, on Monday, said that the divisions which had kept them apart were melting away, and their union was becoming a power such as it had never been before.

Sir Richard Temple, K.C.S.I., late Governor of Bombay, presided on Tuesday evening at the public missionary soiree held in the interests of the Baptist Missionary Society at the Cannon-street Hotel. There was a large and influential attendance, several leading ministers and members of the denomination being upon the platform. In his opening address the chairman paid a warm tribute from personal experience to the cause of Christian missions.

Lord Mount-Temple presided at the seventy-eighth annual meeting of the British and Foreign Schools Society, held at the Cannon-street Hotel on Tuesday afternoon. There was a large attendance. The report stated that the training college was about to be enlarged, so as to accommodate 510 students. The income had been £25,262. The expenditure on the Borough-road, Stockwell, Darlington, and Birkenhead colleges had been £24,353. At the close of the meeting the grateful acknowledgments of the assemblage were respectfully offered to the Queen for the continuance of her Royal patronage.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Though there was so much racing last week, the Sandown Park authorities managed to keep the ball rolling for three days with a judicious mixture of the legitimate business, hurdle-racing, and steeplechasing. Still, now that May is close upon us—a fact rather difficult to believe when we are constantly visited with showers of sleet and snow—the "jumpers" seem to "lag superfluous on the stage," and have well earned a few months' rest. The Walton Two-Year-Old Plate was the principal event of the Thursday, and this fell to Criterion, who cleverly upset a great favourite in the Lord Lyon—Incense colt. Criterion is a son of Childeric, who will be remembered as a speedy but rather erratic colt in Lord Falmouth's stable; he, however, possesses great size and power, and has thus begun his stud career in promising fashion. On Friday the Sandown Park Two-Year-Old Stakes was won cleverly by Camlet; whilst Sibyl (11 st. 8 lb.) and Halmi (11 st. 11 lb.) ran a dead-heat for the Great Sandown Hurdle-Race. They had two good ones behind them in Theorist (11 st.) and Theophrastus (12 st.), so the performance was a fairly smart one. The Free Welter Handicap need only be mentioned from the fact that Brillancy (10 st. 10 lb.), the winner, improved in such a marked degree on her form of the previous day that Wyatt, who rode her, was summoned before the stewards, and relegated by them to the stewards of the Jockey Club, to whom he will have to explain the extraordinary discrepancy in the mare's running. There was a good field on Saturday for the Esher Stakes, and at last the bottled-up Fugitive (7 st. 10 lb.) won his first race on the flat, and rewarded the patience of his connections. A field of ten was behind him, but, as he had much the best of the weights with all of them, there was not much to boast of in the achievement. Only five ran for the Grand International Steeplechase, and as Jolly Sir John (10 st. 11 lb.), who got rid of Mr. Coventry early in the race for the Grand National, fell at the second fence, the small field was still further reduced. None of the other three had the least chance with Albert Cecil (10 st. 12 lb.).

The Newmarket Second Spring meeting began tamely enough, the only feature of the first day being the extraordinary performance of Fordham, who took part in all eight races, won six of them, and was second in another. This fully bears out our remark of last week—that "the demon" has no equal at Newmarket. Lucerne, who has done very well during the winter, cantered away with the Three-Year-Old Plate, run over the R.M.; and Glen Albyn (9 st. 10 lb.), though beaten by Dalmeny (5 st. 8 lb.) in the Visitors' Plate, ran a really great horse, as he was attempting to give away no less than 58 lb. for the two years, and had thirteen others behind him. A gloom was cast over the Two Thousand day by the sudden death of Prince Bathyan, who was seized with an apoplectic fit just as the horses were being saddled for the great race, and expired in a few minutes. The deceased nobleman has been connected with the turf for over forty years, and achieved his most notable success in the Derby of 1875, which was won by Galopin. By this sad event all Fulmen's nominations are void, and a formidable candidate is removed from the list of probable runners for the Derby. The finish for the Guineas was most exciting, Galliard only beating Goldfield by a head in the last couple of strides, whilst The Prince lost second place by a neck.

LA CROSSE AT KENNINGTON OVAL.

The Canadian game of "La Crosse," which was borrowed from the native Indian tribes of that country, has been known and practised in England, but not to a great extent, during twenty or thirty years past. It is expected that a Canadian team of players will visit us in May or June; and this may have stimulated the British players to make trial of their comparative skill in such encounters as that of Saturday last. The contending parties at Kennington Oval were representatives of the North and the South of England, respectively. The former Messrs. G. C. Paton (goal), N. and A. Moorecroft, of Rock Ferry, Liverpool; J. B. Southern, E. O. Swallow, O. Hockmeyer (Captain), and F. Emmerson, of Manchester; Knowler, of Heaton Mersey; A. E. Casson, of Sale, S. B. Cheetham, of Stockport, and J. Duckworth, of Blackley. The South of England men were Messrs. T. R. Sachs, T. Archer (field captain), C. Poland, and H. E. Archer, London; A. Burr, and A. E. Sorby, Dulwich; E. Barrett and A. P. Barrett, Clapton; C. A. Farmer, J. Southall, and G. K. McLeod, Cambridge University; A. Vinter, of The Leys (goal). The play was very good indeed, some of the players showing great skill in catching the ball on the "crosse," and no little activity in running with it and dodging the representatives of the opposing side. The first two games, won by the South, were not of long duration, but the third lasted twenty-five minutes, and enabled the North to score their first goal. At the end of the fourth game the score was two all, and another minute saw the North credited with three games. The sixth game brought out some good play, lasting twenty-two minutes, and was won by the North. At the call of time the North had scored four games to three, and were consequently the winners. In 1877 the match ended in a draw, and last year the North won by two games to none.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

In our publication of the 14th inst. we presented a view of the Piccadilly front of the new building, which comprises, besides a grand hall for various public entertainments, and shops on the ground floor front, the new exhibition galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. These consist of a central apartment, which is nearly square, and two galleries, west and east, the one measuring 78 ft. by 28 ft. 5 in. the other 70 ft. by 33 ft. 9 in.; and an illustration of the interior is now given, as the new galleries were opened yesterday by the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by other members of the Royal family. Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Beatrice, distinguished amateur artists, are honorary members of the Institute, along with such eminent professional artists as Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, Madame Henriette Browne, Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A., Messrs. Gallait, Israels, F. Goodall, R.A., Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., and others of some note; while the President is Mr. Louis Haghe, and Mr. W. L. Leitch is Vice-President. We have, in anticipation of the opening of the exhibition this week, devoted our Extra Supplement to engraved sketches of some fourteen of the water-colour drawings there placed on view. These are the works of Messrs. R. Caldecott, Seymour Lucas, J. S. Philip, E. M. Wimperis, Walter Crane, F. W. Topham, Frank Dadd, J. A. Houston, H. Pilleau, W. Small, C. R. Aston, E. J. Gregory, E. Bale, and C. S. Reinhardt; artists who have frequently obtained just commendation. Our customary report of the whole exhibition, which will be duly prepared by the well-known art-critic of this Journal, will not fail to indicate the points of merit in each of the drawings referred to, and in other works set before the public eye by the aid of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, not confining its exhibitions to the productions of its own members.



NEW GALLERY OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PICCADILLY.



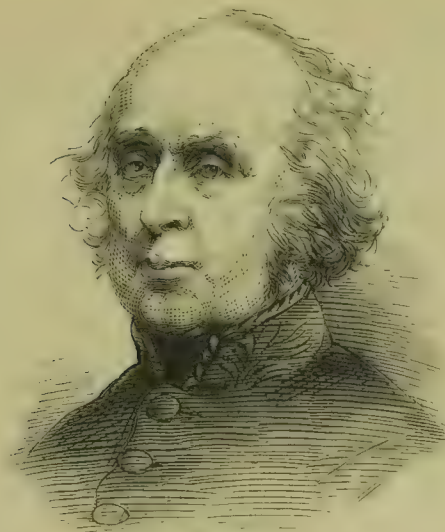
LA CROSSE MATCH, PLAYED LAST SATURDAY AT KENNINGTON OVAL, BY NORTH OF ENGLAND AGAINST SOUTH.



SIR T. SPENCER WELLS, BART.,
PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

SIR R. H. WYATT.

Her Majesty has conferred a knighthood, well deserved by public services, upon Mr. Richard Henry Wyatt, Clerk of the Peace for the County of Surrey, who during twenty-five years past has performed the duties of Parliamentary Agent to the Treasury. While occupying this responsible position Mr. Wyatt was intrusted with the carriage through Parliament of very many important Acts, and notably the Acts relating to Royal forests, public offices, rivers conservancy, gas, water, passing tolls, patents, and electric telegraphs, with regard to



THE LATE LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

the last of which the late Postmaster-General (Lord John Manners) directed the thanks of the department to be conveyed to Mr. Wyatt for the eminent services rendered by him to the State. The high esteem in which he was held, and the opinion formed by successive Cabinet Ministers and heads of public departments of Mr. Wyatt's abilities, led to his being recommended to the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey for the very responsible position of Clerk of the Peace for that county. Among those who joined in this recommendation were statesmen of all shades of politics—the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Stansfeld, and others. His appointment has proved of marked advantage to the county of Surrey, where he is deservedly esteemed and respected. Sir R. Wyatt is a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the county of Merionethshire, and also magistrate for the county of Kent and for the Cinque Ports.

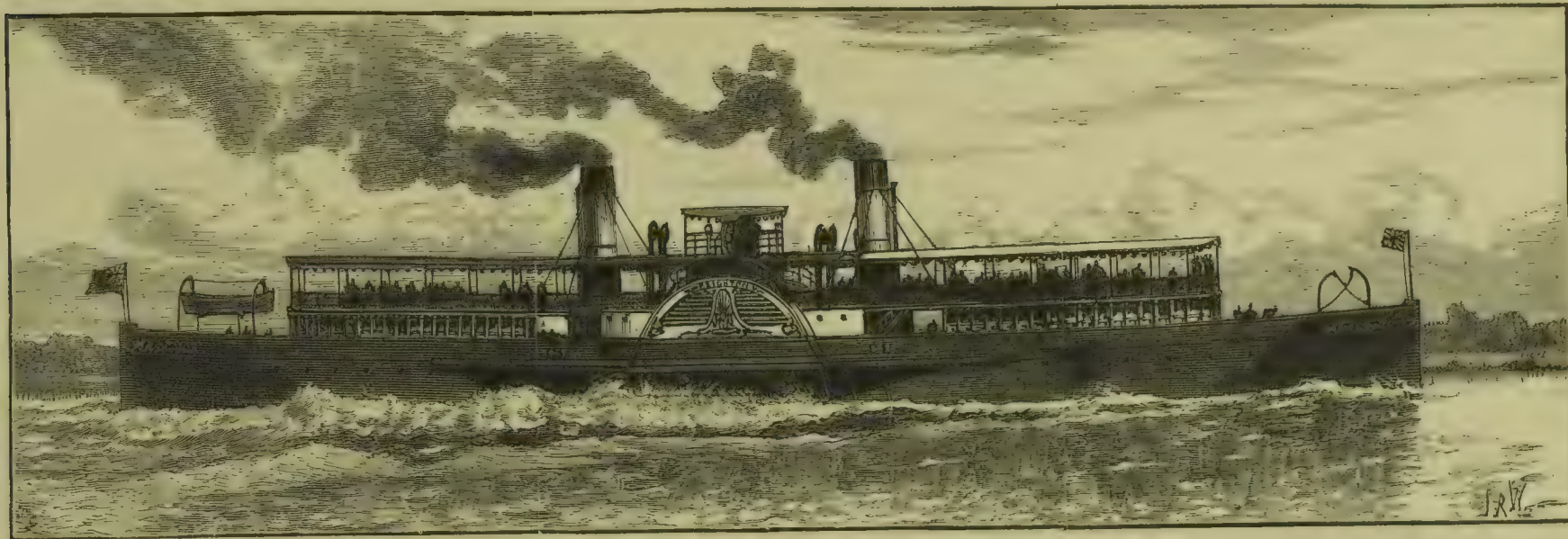


SIR R. H. WYATT,
PARLIAMENTARY AGENT TO THE TREASURY.

He married Mary Laura, eldest daughter of the late Mr. R. Vaughan Williams, of Upper Brook-street and Glen Tulcen, Inverness-shire.

SIR T. SPENCER WELLS, BART.

The Queen has signified her intention to confer a baronetcy upon one of the most eminent surgeons of the day, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons—namely, Mr. Thomas Spencer Wells, of Upper Grosvenor-street, and of Golder's



PASSENGER STEAM-BOAT FOR SYDNEY HARBOUR.

Hall, Hampstead-heath. This honour is officially recorded as a special acknowledgment of "the distinguished services which he has rendered to the medical profession and to humanity." The newly-created Baronet is the eldest son of the late Mr. William Wells, of St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, by his marriage with Harriet, daughter of the late Mr. William Wright, of East Sheen, Richmond, Surrey. He was born in the year 1818, at St. Alban's, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He gained his first medical experience in the Infirmary and School of Medicine at Leeds, and subsequently studied in the Anatomical School at Dublin and at St. Thomas's

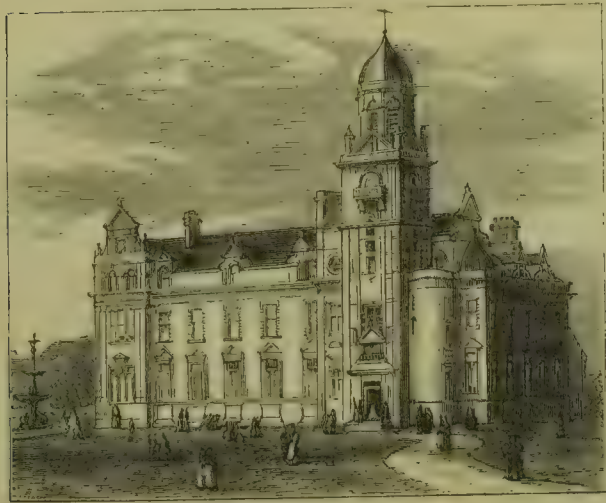
Hospital. He was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1841, and in 1844 was elected one of the honorary Fellows created by the new charter. Having become an assistant surgeon in the Navy, he saw some active service, both afloat and ashore, before and during the Crimean War; and he was sent out, in 1854-5, under the auspices of Mr. Sidney Herbert, as chief surgeon at Smyrna, and at Rankei, on the Dardanelles. Returning to England at the close of the Russian War, he devoted himself to the study of that branch of professional practice with which his name is associated—namely, ovariotomy—and connected himself with the Samaritan Hospital for Women. He is not only President of the College of Surgeons (in which capacity he delivered the Hunterian Oration last year), but a Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and Surgeon to her Majesty's Household; and at the third centenary of the University of Leyden he had conferred upon him the almost unique degree of an honorary M.D. He is the author of several important surgical works, especially on those improvements in operative surgery to which he has specially devoted himself. He married, in 1853, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. James Wright, solicitor, of New Inn, London, and of Sydenham, Kent, by whom he has a family.

MALTA GARRISON WESLEYAN CHURCH.

We give an illustration of this building, which was opened during Easter, being just completed. The cost of the building has been defrayed by subscriptions raised in England amongst Wesleyans, with the exception of certain small Government grants. The land was given by the Malta Civil Government and by the military authorities. Some small sums were also subscribed amongst the soldiers and sailors. As the building is used by the sailors of the Fleet in Malta, as well as by the Army and civilians, considerable interest has been taken in the building, the works having been visited during the construction of the building by many naval and military men stationed in Malta. The building was in progress before the late war in Egypt. The architect is Mr. T. Mullett Ellis, of Old Jewry, London. The building is entirely of stone, and has some architectural merit.

THE LATE LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

The death of this nobleman, which took place at Madeira, was announced last week in our Obituary, and some account was given of his family and personal connections. The Castle and Lordship of Malahide, including the Hill of Howth, on the north shore of Dublin Bay, constitute one of the most ancient baronial estates in Ireland, having been held nearly seven centuries by the Talbots, direct heirs of one upon whom it was conferred by King Henry II. They are descended from a common ancestor with the Talbots, Earls of



MASONIC FEMALE ORPHAN SCHOOL OF IRELAND,
MERRION-ROAD, DUBLIN.



WESLEYAN CHURCH AND SCHOOLS,
MALTA GARRISON.

Shrewsbury, and did much service in Ireland to the English Crown under the Plantagenet reigns, enjoying special privileges which are minutely described in Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage." In the seventeenth century, a younger branch of this family was represented by Richard Talbot, created in 1685 Earl of Tyrconnel, the zealous and courageous partisan of James II. at the Revolution, and a commander in his army at the Battle of the Boyne. The existing peerage in the title of Talbot of Malahide was created by Royal Patent in 1831, reviving the old barony which had existed by tenure and prescription. It was first bestowed on Lady Talbot de Malahide, who died in 1834, a peeress in her own right, and was afterwards inherited by her two sons, the second of whom was father of the peer now deceased. The late Lord Talbot de Malahide, who was born in 1805, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was an accomplished scholar, and a great student and patron of archaeology; he presided for some years over the Royal Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and was also President of the Royal Irish Academy, and Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society.

PASSENGER STEAM-BOAT FOR SYDNEY HARBOUR.

A handsome saloon paddle-steamer, named the Brighton, has been built of steel by Messrs. T. B. Seath and Co., of Rutherglen, Glasgow, to the order of Messrs. McIlwraith, McEacharn, and Co., of London, for the Port Jackson Steam-Ship Company of Sydney, New South Wales. This vessel is intended for the passenger trade of Port Jackson, between the Circular Quay, Sydney, and Manly Beach. Her construction was designed and superintended by Mr. James Richmond, of Sydney. The dimensions are—length, 220 ft., breadth, 23 ft., and depth, 18 ft., to the saloon-deck. She is fitted with compound diagonal oscillating engines, of 1000-horse power, made by Messrs. A. Campbell and Son, engineers, Glasgow. The vessel being double-stemmed, the steering gear can be applied to either end at will, an important advantage where quick and efficacious control is required, when manœuvring in a crowded harbour. She has accommodation for 1200 passengers, and has attained a speed of seventeen miles an hour. In model and design the Brighton bears a close resemblance to the famous Columba, of the Clyde. She will be serviceable to the thousands who, as pleasure seekers or residents at Sydney, are daily accustomed to perform the journey between that city and Manly Beach, which is justly regarded as the Brighton of New South Wales. The steam-boat Brighton will unquestionably prove a great acquisition to the comfort and enjoyment of the Sydney people; and she is a proof of the local enterprise which has called her into existence.

MASONIC FEMALE ORPHAN SCHOOL OF IRELAND.

The new building erected in Merriem-road, Dublin, for the Female Orphan School, removed from Burlington-road, established by the Freemasons of Ireland, was inaugurated in November last by the Grand Master, the Duke of Abercorn, K.G., and is now occupied by the pupils—forty-seven at present—with the matron, governesses, and other members of the establishment. There is room, however, for a larger number of girls, if additional funds be provided for their maintenance, the cost of which for each girl is estimated at £30. Dr. Capel Macnamara is honorary secretary; and the assistant-secretary is Mr. G. W. Herbert, 16, Molesworth-street, who invites subscriptions for so good an object. The building, which has cost, with other attendant expenses, nearly £15,000, stands upon a piece of ground ten acres in extent, held at a very moderate rent; and this is provided for, with taxes and insurance, by money already raised and invested, part of the proceeds of a bazaar last year, which realised about £7700. The architects of the building, which is shown in our Illustration, were Brothers M'Curdy and Mitchell, who superintended its erection.

The Duchess of Marlborough has transferred to Mr. Tuke's Emigration Fund the audited balance of her relief fund, amounting to £3606.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

RESPIRATION.

Professor McKendrick, in his third lecture on Physiological Discovery, given on Tuesday, the 17th inst., after noticing the previous ignorance regarding respiration, and illustrating the processes involved in it, commented on the researches of Robert Boyle (1627—99), who showed how the chest acted, and proved that the chief use of breathing was the purification of the blood. This was confirmed by Borelli (1608—79), who first measured the amount of air breathed. Sanctorius (1561—1636) originated a method of accurately weighing, and ascertained what he gained by food and lost afterwards. Robert Hooke (1635—1703) kept animals alive by artificial breathing; and developed the principle, now adopted in the restoration of suffocated or drowned persons. Mayow (1645—79) showed that breathing made air unfit for sustaining life, and imagined the existence in the atmosphere of a nitro-aerial spiritus necessary to vitality. In 1754 Professor Joseph Black, of Glasgow, discovered that carbonic acid (which he called "fixed air") produced in breathing, was injurious to life. In 1772 Joseph Priestley discovered that what the air lost by respiration was restored by the agency of plants; and on Aug. 1, 1774, he discovered oxygen, the supporter of life. In 1775 Lavoisier, in a memoir, combined the preceding discoveries and first made a quantitative examination of the changes produced in the air by breathing; and in 1794, when pursuing his researches, fell a victim to Robespierre. In 1798 Davy studied the effects of breathing nitrous oxide gas, thus introducing the modern method of producing insensibility to pain by the inhalation of vapours or gases. Hales (1677—1761) was the first to estimate the amount of water given off by the breath. Spallanzani (1729—99) showed that animals breathe by the skin as well as by the lungs. In the present century elaborate methods have been devised for accurately measuring the quantity of air breathed, and of analysing it before and after breathing. Such are the researches of Andrae, Gavarret, Vierordt, Regnault, Reissert, Pettenkofer, and Angus Smith—very important in regard to ventilation. Many experiments were given.

THE ART OF PHEIDIAS.

Dr. C. Waldstein began his third lecture, given on Thursday, the 19th inst., with a graphic description derived from Pausanias and other ancient writers of the great masterpiece of Pheidias, the colossal statue of Zeus (or Jupiter) formed of ivory and gold, and placed in a temple near Pisa, in the Peloponnesus. All writers concur in stating that the expression of the countenance was full of majestic dignity, combined with sweetness, which greatly affected all beholders. The lecturer then gave an illustrated account of the Parthenon, the temple of the Virgin goddess Athene (or Minerva), erected for Pericles on the Acropolis of Athens, by Ictinus and Callicrates, the architects, under the superintendence of Pheidias, who contributed the magnificent statue of the goddess and supplied the ornamentation. In Christian times the building was first dedicated to the Holy Wisdom, and afterwards to the Virgin Mary. It was used as a mosque by the Turks after they captured Athens. Having been made a powder-magazine during the siege by the Venetians in 1687, the Parthenon was shelled and converted into a heap of ruins. The Elgin marbles in the British Museum were collected early in the present century by Thomas, Earl of Elgin, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, from whom they were purchased for the nation. On their way to England they were shipwrecked near Cerigo, and recovered from the sea by the exertions of Mr. W. R. Hamilton, treasurer of the Royal Institution, 1832—49. In commenting on representations of the metopes and other ornaments of the Parthenon, Dr. Waldstein impressed on his audience that these much-praised marbles are not adequate specimens of pure sculpture, but merely part of the decorative architectural sculpture of Pheidias, and therefore cannot fully represent the greatness of the works which brought him so much fame during antiquity. Still they forcibly convey the spirit of his art. The metopes were the earliest decorations of the Parthenon, and appear to form the transition from the first to the second period in the artistic development of the great sculptor. Remarks were made on the technique, the subjects as far as known from the extant remains.

THE ISLAND OF SOCOTRA.

Professor Bayley Balfour, at the evening meeting on Friday, the 20th inst., gave a comprehensive discourse on the geology and natural history of Socotra, an island, one of an archipelago off the north-east promontory of Africa, 120 miles from Cape Guardafui. It is seventy miles long, east to west, and twenty miles broad. The isle was known to the ancients as "the abode of bliss"; but to moderns it is the "country of aloes." It is said to have had formerly a mixed Greek-speaking population—Arabs, Indians, and Greeks—and to have been colonised by Alexander the Great; and, in process of time, to have been Christianised. In 1503 it was discovered by Fernandez Pereira for the Portuguese, who conquered it in 1507, but abandoned it in 1511. It was occupied by the Turks in 1538, and ravaged by the Wahabees in 1800; was surveyed for the Indian Government in 1834, seized in 1835, and abandoned in 1839. Boivin, the French naturalist, brought off collections in 1847. In 1880 Socotra was explored by Professor Balfour, with companions, on behalf of the British Association and the Royal Society; and in 1881 by Dr. Schweinfurth and others. The country is subject to the Imam of Muscat, who accepted British protection in 1876. The population (about 10,000) is of mixed races (some of a European type), with peculiar language. The Bedouins are probably the oldest inhabitants. The only indigenous animals are civet cats and bats. There are numerous herds of cattle, sheep, and goats; and also many wild asses, camels, lizards, and snakes. In the centre is a chain of limestone mountains; some peaks 4500 feet high, with numerous streams. The climate is temperate. Interesting birds abound, and the rivers are stocked with fish. The fauna shows African types, with Asiatic connections. The flora is tropical, of a desert type, except on the hill tops. Many of the plants (about 1000 species) are highly interesting, and of these specimens were exhibited. Among the products of the isle are dragon's blood, frankincense, myrrh, ghee, aloes, orchilla weed, pomegranates, dates, &c. The island, as well as Madagascar, was probably part of Africa. Some of the plants are remarkable examples of geographical distribution. The flora of Socotra presents features of great antiquity.

GEOGRAPHICAL EVOLUTION.

Professor A. Geikie, Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, in his third lecture, given on Saturday last, the 21st inst., resumed the consideration of the causes which have produced the principal features now existing of the surface of the globe. After referring to the evidence of the effects of upheaval and subsidence, he proceeded to comment on the visible effects produced by natural forces now in operation, which he termed "Nature's sculpture-tools," and to which he ascribed the larger share in the creation of the more striking features of the present aspect of the globe. All land surfaces are evanescent and liable to decay, the resistance of the harder materials giving them much longer endurance. Striking evidence of this is abundantly apparent in the far-west regions of North America. Referring to numerous interesting diagrams, the Professor then described some of the remarkable results produced on the surface of the earth by great sudden alternations of temperature; the crumbling of rocks by extreme aridity, producing what is termed "bad land"; the powers of wind, the effects of the percolation of water, the mechanical and chemical action of rain, more especially when violent; the powerful action of frost, such as the rending of hard rocks; the chiselling and polishing work of ice; the eroding and chemical action of rivers and drainage (reference being made to the Rhine, Rhône, and Niagara); snow, producing avalanches and floods; the action of animals and plants; and, finally, the visible effect of the power of the ocean.

The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington was moved on Tuesday morning from its old position at Hyde Park-corner to a site opposite Apsley House, where it will remain until its final destination has been decided upon.

Among the most prominent donations to the London Hospital resulting from the proceedings at the Mansion House on the 13th inst. we have to record the donation of £5000 from the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

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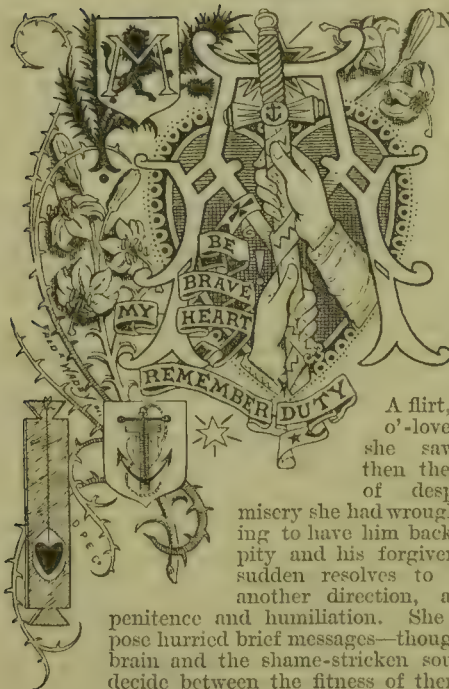
"He followed her out to the dog-cart."

YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII. PREPARATIONS.



AND as for her: she was stunned almost into unconsciousness by this shock of self-abasement and distress. She lay on the sofa, her face covered with her hands; she could not face the light. What was she, then?—she who hitherto had been so fearless and so proud.

A flirt, a jilt, a light-o'-love—that was how she saw herself; and then there was a kind of despair over the

misery she had wrought, and a yearning to have him back to implore his pity and his forgiveness; and then sudden resolves to free herself in another direction, at any cost of penitence and humiliation. She began to compose hurried brief messages—though the throbbing brain and the shame-stricken soul could scarce decide between the fitness of them. These were some of them:

"Dear Papa,—I have gone away. Tell Archie not to think any more about me. Yolande."

And then again:

"Dear Archie,—I send you back the engagement-ring; I am not worthy to be your wife. I am sorry if I have caused you any disappointment; but you have less to regret than I have."

And then again—to one not named at all:

"To-day I go away. Never think of me again, or of what has happened. Forgive me; that is all."

And then she began to think—if this wild torture of suggestions could be called thinking—of the undertaking that lay before her; and the thought of it was something of a relief. There would be an occupation, urgent, continuous, demanding all her attention; in time, and in a measure, she might school herself to forget. Perhaps, if this duty turned out to be a very sad and painful one, it might be taken by those whom she had wronged as a sort of penance? She was prepared to suffer. She thought she deserved to suffer. Had she not proved a traitor to the man whom she had promised to marry? Had she not brought misery to this best and dearest of all her friends—to this fine and noble nature that she had learned to know; and that by her idleness and carelessness—the carelessness of a vain coquette and light-o'-love, heedless of consequences? What would he think of her? She could only vaguely recall the reproaches he had heaped upon himself; but she knew that he was in distress; and that she was the cause of it. And, perhaps, if there were trials in store for her, if there were suffering in store for her, perhaps he would never know that she rather welcomed that, and was content to receive her punishment? Perhaps he would never know how grieved she was? It was over and done, and past recall. And she knew that henceforth her life would be quite different to her.

How long she lay there in that misery of remorse and despair she probably never knew; but at last she forced herself to rise. She was not thinking of her appearance; she did not know that her face was haggard and pale; that an expression never before there was there now; that her eyes were no longer the eyes of a child. She was going away—this was all she was compelling herself to think about; and there were preparations to be made. And so in a slow and mechanical fashion she began to put a few things together, even in this drawing-room; although every other minute her heart seemed to stand still as she came upon some little trifle that was associated with him—something he had done for her, something that he had brought her, showing his continued solicitude and thoughtfulness and affection. Why had she not seen? Why did she not understand? And then she began to think of the evenings he had spent at the house, and of the walks they had had together down the wide valley; and she began to know why it was that these evenings had seemed so rich in happy human sympathies, and why the valley had appeared so wondrous and beautiful, and why her life at Allt-nam-ba had had so strange and unnameable a charm thrown over it. And he—he had been blind, too. She knew that he could not have imagined it possible that he was betraying his friend; other-

wise he would have fled from the place. She was standing quite still now, her eyes distraught; and she was trying to recall the very tones in which he had said "I love you." That was the misery of it; and the cause of her shame; and the just reason for her remorse and self-abasement; and yet—and yet—somewhere or other deep down in her heart there was a curious touch of pride that she had heard those words. If circumstances had been different—to be approved, to have won the affection, to be loved by one like that! And then a passion of self-contempt seized her; and she said to herself: "You, to think yourself worthy of such a love! You, who can allow yourself to think of such things, with that ring on your finger!"

This also was strange, that, amid all the preparations for departure that she was now mechanically making, she should be possessed by a singular anxiety that Mrs. Bell, when she came to Allt-nam-ba, should find the household arrangements in the most perfect order. Had she some vague hope or fancy, then, that some day or other, when she should be far enough away from Allt-nam-ba, and Gress, and Lynn, and not likely to see any one of them again, her name might be mentioned casually, by this good woman, and mentioned, perhaps, with some slight word of approval? When she drew out, for Mrs. Bell's guidance, a list of her arrangements with the Inverness tradesmen, she was dissatisfied with the mere handwriting of it (for, indeed, her fingers trembled somewhat), and she destroyed it and wrote out another; and that she destroyed, and wrote out another—until the handwriting was fairly clear and correct.

Her maid Jane was a fool of a woman; but even she could see that her young mistress was faint-looking, and even ill-looking; and again and again she besought her to desist from these preparations, and to go and have some lunch, which awaited her in the dining-room.

"You know, Miss," said she, "you can't go before your papa comes home; and then it would be far too late to catch the steamer. You can't go before the morning; and I am sure, Miss, you will be quite ill and unable to travel if you don't eat something."

Well, Yolande went into the dining-room, and sat down at the table; but she could not eat or drink anything; and in a minute or two she was back again in her bed-room superintending the packing of her trunks. However, she was in time compelled to desist. The mental agitation of the morning, combined with this want of food, produced the natural result; she gradually acquired a violent headache, a headache so violent that further superintendence of packing

or anything else was entirely out of the question. Now it was the literal fact that she had never had a headache in her life—except once, at the Château, when a large volume she was reaching for in the library fell and struck her—and she did not know what to do; but she fancied that by tying a wet towel round her head she might lessen the throbbing of the temples; and this she did, lying down the while. Jane stole out of the room, fancying her young mistress might now get some sleep. The girl was not thinking of sleep.

Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands were on their way back from the hill.

"I scarcely know what has happened to-day," Mr. Winterbourne was saying. "All the time I have been thinking of our going back. And I know what I shall find when I go back—the wreck of the happiness that I have so carefully nursed all through these years. It is like hedging round a garden; and growing flowers there; and all at once, some morning, you find the place trampled down and a wilderness. I hope I am not unjust, Shortlands; but I think he might have spared her."

"Who?"

"Young Leslie. I think he might have spared her. It was not much. Don't you think—out of consideration?"

"Nonsense, man. What young Leslie has done seems to me, on reflection, perfectly just, and right, and reasonable," said John Shortlands, telling a lie in the calmest manner possible. "The young people ought not to be hampered in starting life. A little trouble now—what is that? And it will be better for you too, Winterbourne. You would have kept on worrying yourself. You would have been always apprehensive about something. You would have reproached yourself for not telling him."

"I am not thinking of myself," Yolande's father said, rather wistfully. "I could have borne all that; I am used to it. It is about her I am thinking. I remember in Egypt, away up at that still place, wondering whether all her life might not be just as quiet and uneventful and happy as it was there."

"The fact is, Winterbourne," said John Shortlands, bluntly, "you are just mad about that child of yours; and you expect the world to be changed all on her account; whereas every reasonable being knows that she must take her chance of trouble as well as others. And this—what is this? Is it so great an affair? You don't know yet whether she will follow follow out that suggestion of Melville's. Perhaps she won't. If you would rather she should not, no doubt she will abide by your wishes. By this time she has been told. The secret is at an end. Leslie has had what he wanted; what the devil more can he ask for?"

But the sharp asperity of this last phrase rather betrayed his private opinion; and so he added, quickly—

"However, as you say, she is more likely to go. Well, why not look at the brighter side of things? There is a possibility. Oh, you needn't shake your head; when I look at the whole thing from Melville's point of view, I can see the possibility. He's a devilish long-headed fellow, that; and a devilish fine fellow, too; not many men would have bothered their heads as he has done. I wouldn't. If you and I weren't old friends, do you think I would have interfered? I'd have let you go on your own way. But now, old chap, I think you'll find Yolande ready to go; and you'd better not make too much fuss about it, and frighten the girl. I shall be in London; I shall see she has plenty of money."

"It seems so inhuman," her father said, absently.

"What?"

"That I should remain here shooting; and she allowed to go away there, alone."

"My dear fellow, she'll get on twenty times better without ye," said Shortlands, plainly. "It seems to me that what you say Melville pointed out to you was just the perfection of good advice; you'll do well to abide by it."

"But he does not know Yolande as I do," her father said.

"He seems to have made a thundering good guess, any way!"

"I don't mean that. He does not know how she has been brought up—always looked after and cared for. She has never been allowed to shift about for herself. Oh, as regards herself, I can see well enough that he imagines she has certain qualities; and perhaps he thinks it rather fine to make experiments. Well, I don't. I don't see why Yolande should be made the victim of any experiment; I am content with her as she is."

"You'd better see what she says about it herself."

When they reached the lodge, Yolande was not, as usual, standing in the porch to welcome them home from the hill.

"Please, Sir," said the maid, "Miss Winterbourne has a headache, and says would you excuse her coming down to dinner?"

He stood irresolute for a second or two—obviously greatly disturbed; then he slowly and thoughtfully went up the stairs, and gently knocked at the door of her room.

"May I come in, Yolande?"

She had just time to untie the wet towel from her head, to smooth her hair, and sit up in bed.

"Yes, papa."

He entered, went over and drew a chair near to her, and sat down.

"I am sorry for you, Yolande," he said, in a low voice; and his eyes were nervously bent on the ground.

"Why, papa?"

She spoke in quite a cheerful way; and as he had not suffered his eyes to meet hers, he was unaware how that cheerfulness was belied by the strange expression in them. She was forcing herself to make light of this matter; she would not have him troubled. And perhaps, indeed, to her this was in truth a light matter, as compared with that tragic disclosure and its consequences, which seemed to have cut away from her, at once and for ever, the shining and rose-coloured years of her youth.

"If I erred, Yolande," said he, "in keeping all this back from you, I did it for the best."

"Do you need to say that to me, papa?" she answered, with some touch of reproach.

"I thought it would save you needless pain," said he; and then, as he ventured to lift his eyes, he caught sight of the pale anguish-stricken face, and he nearly cried aloud in his sudden alarm, "Yolande, are you ill?"

"Oh, no, papa," she said; and she did try her best to look very cheerful. "I have a headache—that is all; and it is not so bad as it was. I—I—have been seeing things packed, and making arrangements."

"You are going, Yolande?" he said, with a sinking of the heart.

"That, again, it is unnecessary for you to ask me," the girl said, simply.

"But not at once, Yolande?" said he, glancing at an open trunk. "Not at once?"

"To-morrow morning, papa," she answered. "Oh, but I assure you, you will be put to no trouble—no trouble at all. Mrs. Bell is coming from Gress to see everything right. And I have made out lists for her; it is all arranged; you will not know any difference."

"Yolande, you will make me angry if you talk like that. What signifies our comfort? It is the notion of your going away by yourself!"

"Jane goes with me. That is all arranged also," she said. "I have no fear."

"Listen, now, Yolande. I don't disapprove of your going. We have tried everything, and failed; if there is a chance of your succeeding—well, perhaps one might say it is your duty to go. Poor child, I would rather have had you know nothing about it; but that is all over now. Well, you see, Yolande, if you go, there must be no unnecessary risk or trouble about your going. I have been thinking that perhaps Mr. Melville may be a little too imaginative. He sees things strongly. And in insisting that you should go alone—why, there may be a danger that he has been carried away by a—by a—well, I don't know how to put it, except that he may be so anxious to have this striking appeal made to your poor mother as to be indifferent to ordinary precautions. Why should you go friendless and alone? Why should I remain amusing myself here?"

"Because you would be of no use to me, papa," said she, calmly. "I know what I have to do."

"Why, then, should you not wait for a few days and travel south with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, I must go at once, papa—at once!" she exclaimed. "I must go to-morrow. And Jane goes with me! Is it not simple enough?"

"Yolande, you cannot be left in London with absolutely no one to whom you can appeal. The least you must do is to take a letter to Lawrence and Lang. They will do anything you want; they will let you have what you want; if there is any hiring of lodgings or anything of that kind, they will send one of their clerks. You cannot be stranded in London without the chance of assistance. You must go to Lawrence and Lang."

"I may have to go to them—that also is arranged. But they must not interfere—they must not come with me—that was not Mr. Melville's idea," she said; though the pale face turned still paler as she forced herself to utter the name.

"Mr. Melville!" he said, angrily. "You seem to think the whole wisdom of the world is centred in Mr. Melville! I don't at all know that he was right in coming to put all this trouble on you. Perhaps he would not have been so quick if it had been his own sister, or his own daughter!"

Then a strange thing occurred. She had flung herself down on the pillow again, her face buried, her whole frame shaken by the sudden violence of her crying.

"Don't—don't—don't!" she sobbed, piteously. "Don't speak like that, papa! There is enough trouble—there is enough!"

"What is it, Yolande?" said he. "Well, no wonder your nerves have been upset. I wonder you have taken it so bravely. I will leave you now, Yolande; but you must try and come down to dinner."

Dinner was put on the table; but she did not make her appearance. A message was sent up to her; the answer was that she merely wished to have a cup of tea by-and-by. Jane, on being questioned, said that everything had been got ready for their departure the following morning; even to the ordering of the dog-cart for a particular hour.

"Yes," her father said to John Shortlands, as they sate rather silently at the dinner-table, "she seems bent on going at once. Perhaps it is because she is nervous and anxious, and wants to know the worst. She won't have anyone with her; she is determined to keep to Melville's plan; though I wanted her to wait and go south with you. What a dreadful thing it would be if any harm were to befall her!"

"Why, what harm can befall her?" his friend said. "What is the journey to London?—nothing! She gets into the train at Inverness to-morrow at midday: the next morning she is in London. Then a cab takes her to the hotel; what more simple? The real risk begins after that; and it is then that your friend Melville insists that she should take the thing into her own hands. Well, dang me if I'm afraid of the consequences. There's good grit in her. She hasn't had her nerve destroyed, as you have. When the cob was scampering all over the place yesterday, and the groom couldn't get hold of him, did she run into the house? Not much. She waylaid him at the end of the bothy; and got hold of him herself, and led him to the stable-door. I don't think the lass has a bad temper; but I shouldn't like to be the one to put a finger on her against her will. Don't you fear. I can see where the bit of trouble, if there is to be any at all, will most likely come in; and I am not afraid. It's wonderful what women will do—ay, and weak women, too—in defence of those who have a claim on their affection. Talk about the tigress and her young; a woman's twice as bad, or twice as good, if you take it that way. I fancy some of those poor devils of School Board inspectors must have a baddish time of it occasionally—I don't envy them. I tell you you needn't be afraid, my good fellow. Yolande will be able to take care of herself. And I think Jack Melville has put her on to doing the right thing, whatever comes of it."

Yolande did not appear that night; she was too much distracted by her own thoughts; she did not wish to be confronted with questioning eyes. But she found time to write this brief note:—

"Tuesday night.

"Dear Mr. Shortlands,—As it is not likely I shall see you in the morning, for I am going away at a very early hour, I leave you this word of good-by. And please, please, stay with papa as long as ever you conveniently can. Duncan assures me that it is now you will be beginning to have chances with the red-deer.

"Yours affectionately, YOLANDE WINTERBOURNE."

And as to that other—the friend who was sending her forth on this mission—was she going away without one word of good-by for him? She considered that; and did not sleep much that night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"IHR MATTEN, LEBT WOHL!"

The first pale clear glow of the dawn was just beginning to tell on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose; and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgetfulness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. And if sometimes the fear was forced upon her that neither for him nor for her was forgetfulness possible—well, it was not her own share of that suffering that she regarded with dismay. Nay, did she not rather welcome that as a punishment which she deserved; as a penance which might be counted to her in the due course of years? If this passage in her life was not to be obliterated, at least, and in the meantime, she would endeavour to close the chapter. She was going away from Allt-nam-ba; and from the mistakes and miseries that had happened there. A new era in her life was opening before her; perhaps she would have less to reproach herself with in that.

In the silence of this pale clear morning she sate down and quickly wrote still another message of farewell, the terms of

which she had carefully (and not without some smittings of conscience) studied during the long wakeful hours:

"Allt-nam-ba, Wednesday morning.

"Dear Archie,—A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the meantime, at least, all our other plans and arrangements must yield to it. Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Foyers, I may not see you to say good-by; and so I send you this message

"From your affectionate

"YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation; and perhaps, as the days, and the months, and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation? Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach-house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress's portmanteaus. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went down stairs to the dining-room, she was surprised to find her father there.

"Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-by?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande—but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days; accustom yourself to think of it; and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands?"

"Oh, no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now!"

"Now? Already?" he exclaimed.

"I wish to have a little time at Gress," she answered, calmly, "to explain all the arrangements to Mrs. Bell."

But he compelled her to sit down and have some hasty breakfast; while he remained at the window, anxious, disturbed, and yet for the most part silent. There was no doubt he regarded her going with an undefined dread; but he saw that it was no use to try to dissuade her—her purpose being so obviously settled and clear. There was another thing; he showed the greatest embarrassment in talking in any way whatever about the subject. He could not bring himself to mention his wife's name. To Yolande he had said "your poor mother"—but only once. He seemed unable to make this thing that he had hidden from her for so many years a topic of conversation.

And it was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog-cart. He himself would fasten the rugs round her knees—the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away, he stood there for a long time regarding them; until the dog-cart disappeared at a turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end of that peaceful security that he had hoped to find at Allt-nam-ba!

Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch, she told Sandy to stop, and took the reins.

"Here is a letter for Mr. Leslie," she said. "You need not take it up to the house; put it in the letter-box at the gate."

Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill, she looked over to Lynn Towers; but she could not make out anyone at any of the windows. There were one or two stable-lads about the outhouses; but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that.

When she got to Gress, she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale; but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying on to get a few bit flowers for ye. Deed, ye're early this morning."

"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please do not trouble. You expected me, then? Mr.—Mr. Melville told you?"

"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to Allt-nam-ba by mid-day; and I'm thinking I'll take one o' the young lasses wi' me, in case there's any needcessity for a helping hand. The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away."

"But is he going? Is he going away?" said Yolande, with a sudden alarm.

"I think he is; though it's no my place to ask," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order, in the house. And I jalouse he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught a glint o' him going out before any o' us was up. I dare say he was off to one o' the moorland lochs, to have a last day at the trout belike."

"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes. "Mrs. Bell, I must see him! Indeed, I cannot go until I have seen him!"

"Wha kens where he may be now?" said the old lady, good-humouredly (for she clearly had no idea that there was anything tragic occurring around her). "There never was such a man for wandering about the country like a warlock. Many a fright has he gi'en the shepherds, when they came upon him in the corries that no ordinary Christian ever goes near."

"But you must send for him, Mrs. Bell!" said Yolande, with that forced calmness of demeanour almost breaking down. "I cannot go away without bidding him good-by!"

The old woman stopped arranging the flowers she had gathered.

"I canna send to search the whole county o' Inverness," she said, reflectively, "and wha kens where he may be? If he's no back by school-time, he's off for the day—ay, and without a biscuit in his pocket, I'll be warrant. But it's just possible he has only gaen doon to the burn, to get a trout or two: I can send one o' the lassies to see. And though I've never kenned him to go up to the water-wheel at this time o' the morning, I canna gang wrang in making the bell ring. If you'll just hold the flowers for a minute, my dear young leddy, I'll go into the house and see what can be done."

She held the flowers mechanically; she did not look at them; her eyes were "otherwhere." But when Mrs. Bell came back, she recalled herself; and, with such calmness as she could command, she showed the old lady all the arrangements she had made with regard to the household of Allt-nam-ba, and gave her the lists that she had carefully drawn out. And Mrs. Bell would hear of no such thing as thanks or gratitude; she said people were well off who could be of any little service to them they liked; and intimated that she was proud to do this for the sake of the young lady who had been kind enough to take notice of her.

"And so you are going away for a while," said the old Scotchwoman, cheerfully. "Ay, ay. But coming back soon again, I hope. Indeed, my dear young leddy, if it wasna a kind o' presumption on my part, I would say to ye, as they

say in the old ballad, 'O, when will ye be back again, my hinny and my dear?' For, indeed, since ye came to Allt-nam-ba, it has just been something to gladden an auld woman's een."

"What is the ballad, Mrs. Bell?" Yolande said quickly. She wished to evade these friendly inquiries. And already she was beginning to wonder whether she had enough strength and courage to force herself to go without seeing him and saying this last word to him.

"The ballad? Oh, that was the ballad o' young Randal," said Mrs. Bell, in her good-natured, garrulous way. "Maybe ye never heard that one?"

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa',
A braw, braw lad was he, when he gaed awa'.

That is how it begins; and then they a' come doon to see him ride off—his father, and his mother, and his two sisters; but, as ye may imagine,

His bonny cousin Jean lookit o'er the castle wa',
And far aboon the lave let the tears doon fa'.

Then it goes on:

"O when will ye be back again?" sae kindly did she speir;
"O when will ye be back again, my hinny and my dear!"
"As soon as I have won enough o' Spanish gear
To dress ye a' in silks and lace, my dear."

That was the way o' those times, and mony a sair heart was the consequence. Will I tell ye the rest o' the story?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Bell, if you please," said Yolande; though now she was scanning the vacant hillsides with a wistful and troubled eye. Was he not coming, then? Must she go away without that last word?

"Ye see, my young leddy, the story jumps over a good many years now; and he comes back to seek out his true love Jean."

"Ah, yes," said Yolande, with more of interest, "to see whether she has been faithful to him, is it not? And of course she is. It is so easy for one to remain faithful—in a ballad, where nothing happens but the fancy of the poet. And then, if she was not faithful, who would write about her? She would be contemptible—that is all."

"No so fast, my dear young leddy, no so fast. Just listen to the story:

Young Randal was an altered man when he came hame,
A sair altered man was he when he came hame
Wi' a star on his breast and a Sir to his name
And wi' grey, grey locks Sir Randal came hame.

He rode to the castle and he rispit at the ring,
And down came our lady to bid him ride in;
And round her bonnie bairnies were playin' on the green;
"Can this auld wife be my true love Jean?"

"And whatna dour auld carle is this?" quoth the dame,
"Sae griff and sae stiff, sae feckless and sae lame?"
Quoth he: "My bonny leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?"
"Indeed, good sir, ye have guessed my very name."

O! dool on the wars in the High Germanie!
And dool on the poortith o' our ain countrie!
And dool on the heart that unfaithful can be!
For they've wrecked the bravest man in the whole countrie!*

Ye see, it's a sad story enough; but I'm no sure whether to blame the wars in the High Germanie, or the poverty o' the old Scotch families, or the young lass changing her mind. Maybe if she had been less anxious for silks and lace, and maybe if he had been less anxious to hae a Sir to his name, he might hae bided at home, and married her, and lived happily enough. It's the way o' young people never to be satisfied. And here is Mr. Melville going away just when everything was ready for his taking back the land that belonged to his own people and settling down on it as he ought."

"Perhaps he will not go—perhaps he is not going, Mrs. Bell!" she said, in a despairing kind of way; for well she knew, if he were indeed going, what was the cause.

Then she looked at her watch. Well, she had still about fifteen minutes to spare; and she was determined to stay till the last moment if it were needful. But there was no figure coming along the road; no living thing visible on these vacant hillsides; nor a sign of life along the wide moorland of the valley. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to listen, in a measure. And again and again she expressed the hope that there must be a mistake—that Mr. Melville was not really going away.

"It's no my place to ask," the old lady said, doubtfully; "but he had a long talk when he came home yesterday wi' the lad Dalrymple; and I jalouse it was about his being able to carry on the school by himself. It's just that vexations, my dear young leddy!—and yet it canna be helped. I darena say a word. He's a headstrong man; and he's to be managed only wi' a good deal o' skill; and if he thought I was any kind o' encumbrance—or expected him to do this, that, or the other—he would be off in a gliff. But the vexatiousness o't, to be sure! It was only the day before yesterday that I wrote to the lawyers again. I'm no gaun to tell ye, my young leddy, what they said about the price o' Monaglen; for it might get about; and I'm no wanting him to ken what I paid for it, if I get it. But I found I could easy buy it, and have a good nest-egg for him besides; besides my own £220 a year or thereabouts; and sae I wrote to they lawyers just asking them in a kind o' way to get me the refusal of the place for a freend o' mine. And then yesterday morning I began and argued wi' myself. I coveted the place, that's the truth. And says I 'Kirsty, what's the use o' being ower cunning? If ye want to buy Monaglen, tell them. A braw thing now, if it were to slip through your fingers, and be snappit up by somebody else: wadna ye be a disappointed woman a' the days o' your life?' And so, as second thochts are best, I just sate down and told them plump and plain that if Monaglen was to be got for that, here was a woman that would take it for that; and told them to make the bargain, and drive a nail into it there and then; and that a' the other things—a' the whig-maleeries they invent just to make poor folk pay money—could be settled after. And to think o' him going away the now, just when the night's post or maybe the morn's night's post is almost sure to bring me a telegram—I declare it's too provokin'!"

"But perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande, gently. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville coming down the hill. I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."

"Oh; yes, yes, why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully. "I'm just going indoors to put a bit string round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket, too, ye maun take; I made a few sweets, and comfits, and such things, for ye last night, that'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he approached. His features were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her, he stood before her, with his eyes cast down, like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I have come because you sent for me," he said. "But there is nothing you can say to me that I have not said to myself."

"Do you think I have come to reproach you? No. It is I who have to bear the blame," she answered, with apparent calmness. Then she added: "I—I sent for you because I could not go away without a word of good-by."

Here she stopped, fearful that her self-possession would desert her. Her hands were tightly clenched; and unconsciously she was nervously fingering her engagement ring.

"I do not see," she said, speaking in a measured way, as if to make sure she should not break down, "why the truth should not be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know; you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself—it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter; it is you that I am sorry for" —

"Yolande, I cannot have you talk like that!" he exclaimed.

"One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honour to me that you were my friend, and an education, also; you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world; I had not known it before; you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do; do not think that I shall forget what I owe you; whatever happens I will try to think of what you would expect from me; and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away," said she, and now her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. "And also that—that, if one cannot retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on" —

"Yolande, Yolande," said he earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before you. Whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If anyone is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind; do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly—though still his face was of a ghastly paleness.

She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to—give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."

"No," he said, at once. "No. Forget everything that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."

"That I have deserved," she said, in a low voice. "Good-by."

She held out her hand. He took it and held it; and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a saint, full of a sad and yearning pity.

"Yolande," said he, and the tones of his voice seemed to reach her very heart; "I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you, and good-by!"

"Adieu! adieu!" she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog-cart.

When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and, perhaps, rather regretfully, too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he (and he seemed in an unusual hurry), "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the waterproof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat, or something of the kind, and half a loaf in a little parcel?"

"Dear me, Sir, I will do that myself; but where are ye going, Sir, if I may ask?"

The fact was that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions of this kind—even when he was starting for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland loch—that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he was bent on some very desperate excursion.

"Where am I going?" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night-train to London."

(To be continued.)

TRAWLING IN THE NORTH SEA.

The Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. J. R. Wells, show a variety of incidents attending the operations of the Yarmouth trawlers on the Doggerbank and other shoals in the North Sea. These have a special interest just now, in connection with the opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, fixed for Saturday, May 12, of which we intend to give a series of illustrations in this Journal. "Trawling," which means trailing a bag-net along the bottom of the sea, to capture those kinds of fish that naturally keep on or near the ground, is the method used to supply our London market with soles, turbot, brill, dory, plaice, and haddock; while cod is taken by line-fishing, much farther north, towards Iceland. The numerous fleets of trawling smacks, which put forth either from Yarmouth, or from Hull and Great Grimsby, and some from Ramsgate, keep their stations at sea for six weeks or even two months at a time. They are constantly visited, at a distance from land, by the steam carrying-vessels belonging to Messrs. Hewett and Co., and other carriers, which bring the fish direct to Billingsgate. Some quantities are occasionally landed at one of the ports on the east coast, and are sent to market by railway.

The Yarmouth smacks are fine sea-boats, about 60 ft. long, broad in the beam, and built high at the bows, with plenty of sheer, their average capacity being 60 tons burden (new measurement). They are yawl-rigged, with the mast well forward, to carry a large and powerful mainsail, while giving room for the stowage of the long trawl-net, which is got in by a patent capstan fixed in the centre of the vessel. The trawl-net is shaped like a triangular flat purse, or rather like an old-fashioned watch-pocket, such as used to be fastened above the pillow at the head of a bed. Its mouth is kept open by a horizontal wooden beam, which may be 40 ft. long; the bottom end of the net tapers to a narrow pocket, called the "cod," which is closed, while fishing, by the draw-rope or "cod-line." There are two other pockets, one at each side of the interior, made by lacing together parts of the upper and lower network of the trawl-bag. The beam, when the trawling apparatus is let down from the boat's side, does not lie close upon the ground, but is supported at each end, with the back or upper side of the net fastened to it, by the two head-irons. These are heavy frames, about 3 ft. high, keeping the beam and net down by their weight, yet so as to be raised above the ground by that space, which allows the fish to pass beneath and enter the bag of the net. The "cod" or end-pocket of the net, being made with a small mesh, offers much resistance to the water flowing into it, as the motion of the boat draws it along;

and is thereby so much expanded that it soon gets filled with the fish inclosed in the trawl. These frequently get into the pockets, which lead into the "cod;" and there are valves or curtains of network to prevent their return. The trawl is towed over the bottom of the sea by a rope, called the "warp," usually 150 fathoms long, which is afterwards hauled in by the capstan on board; the beam is then raised to the boat's side; the "cod" is lifted on board, opened at the end by casting off the cod-line, and emptied of its fish; and the whole net may then be gathered in, as shown in our Artist's Sketches. The Hull trawlers, whose vessels are larger and more elaborately equipped than those of Yarmouth, have a steam-engine to haul in the trawling apparatus.

Each Yarmouth smack has a crew of seven or eight hands, men and boys. Each fleet, which may consist of 150 or 180 smacks, more or less, is under the direction of one commander, elected for the time, who is called the Admiral. He makes signals on board his vessel, ordering them how and where to shift their ground, to take up their allotted positions, to put down the trawls, to haul them in again, and the rest of their operations. The fishing stations lie far out in the North Sea, extending from opposite the North Foreland of Kent to opposite the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts, and including the Great and Little Silver Pits, the Well Banks, Outer and Inner, the Dogger Bank, Rodney Gut, and Botany Gut, with others, which are shown in the Admiralty Charts. The depth of water in which most of this fishing takes place is between twenty and thirty fathoms. The smacks, while fishing, do not anchor, but can heave-to in bad weather.

Our Artist went out on board the Ensign, which is the fishing-smack belonging to the Thames Church Mission Society, some account of which was lately given in this Journal, with an illustration of the scene on board at the performance of religious worship on Sunday morning, when the "Bethel" flag is hoisted. The Ensign is manned not only by evangelical fishers of men, but also by followers of the craft at sea, who catch enough fish to pay the boat's expenses at sea. There are about twelve hundred fishermen employed by Messrs. Hewett and Co., all the year round, in the deep-sea fishery of the Doggerbank; and no class of men work harder, live harder, or endure greater peril of their lives. Messrs. Hewett and Co. have also seven or eight steamers for carrying, and employ altogether nearly two thousand hands.

The trawl is usually let down at sunset, when the Admiral gives the signal. One man is set to watch on deck, while the rest of the crew lie down to sleep, after their evening meal. The tiller is lashed fast, and the smack, with her large mainsail, passes slowly over the ground, moving with the tide, and dragging the heavy net and beam, until, about eleven at night, a rocket is sent up from the Admiral's vessel, which is the signal for the whole fleet to haul in their trawls. This operation, which is very hard work, may take from one to three hours; it is shown in the largest of our Artist's drawings, in which the beam of the trawl, with the head-iron at one end, is seen already got on board, and the men, bending over the side of the boat, are gathering up the net to lay it over the beam. Sketches 2 and 3 show the "cod" or end-bag of the net hoisted aboard, and emptied of its fish on the deck of the boat. This is a very lively scene, with the mass of writhing, quivering, finny creatures of different species, with the crabs running about the deck, in great apparent confusion, all beheld under a strong lamplight, in the middle of the night at sea. The men lose no time in dividing the valuable fish from the inferior kinds, which are called the offal, and throwing overboard such as are worthless, first killing their enemies the "dog-fish," which are very fierce, with a blow on the head. The turbot and brill die hard on deck, expending their strength in convulsive flappings; but the soles, plaice, and skates expire more quietly. The trawl is then made ready to be lowered again, and is left down for a second haul, which takes place at daylight. While this is being waited for the crew are busy in gutting and packing the fish already caught (Sketches 4 and 5), to be ready for the steam-carrier. When the steamer arrives at the station of the fishing fleet, she is very soon beset with a crowd of small boats, which bring the packed boxes of fish, from all the smacks, to be delivered to the carrier (Sketch 5). It is a great bustle to get these boxes put on board; they are just lifted or rather tossed up to the gunwale of the steamer, and are there seized by the steamer's hands. In rough weather, with a high sea, it is dangerous work for the men in the boats alongside, and many have thus lost their lives. A steamer can take about 2800 boxes or trunks of fish. These are stowed away in the hold, with layers of ice over them to keep the fish fresh, and the steamer loses no time in starting for the Thames, performing the distance within thirty-six hours, from a station ninety miles off the Humber to Billingsgate wharf. This goes on all the year round, and in this way the London market is supplied. The Hull trawlers have a somewhat different method; and those of Brixham and Plymouth, in the Channel, are adapted to local conditions. A good account of the trawling, as well as the drift-net, the seine, the trammel, and the line-fishing, all round the British Islands, is given by Mr. Edmond Holdsworth, late Secretary to the Royal Sea Fisheries Commission, in his book published by Mr. Stanford a few years ago.

We have too frequently had occasion to deplore the sad loss of life among the crews of the fishing-vessels in the North Sea. It should be remembered that on March 6 last, in one gale alone, not less than 382 men and boys were drowned, leaving entirely destitute 146 widows, about 400 orphan children, and many aged parents and other relatives. Of those who perished, 200 belonged to Hull, 96 to Grimsby, 36 to Great Yarmouth, 21 to Brightlingsea, near Colchester, 12 to Scarborough, 8 to Filey, and 9 to Lowestoft, and the bereaved people are divided in about the same proportions in these various districts.

Last Saturday night a loud explosion, apparently an attempt to blow up the Government Small Arms Manufactory at Enfield, was heard near the works. Two men had been seen to run from the field just before it occurred.

At the annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, held at Exeter Hall yesterday week, Lord Kinnaird, on behalf of the members of the association, presented Lord Shaftesbury with a handsome silver inkstand and pencil-case, which, he stated, had been subscribed for by small contributions from the London members of the association.

The Duke of Albany presided at the triennial festival of the National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor, which was held on the 18th inst. at Willis's Rooms. His Royal Highness made an earnest appeal for funds for the maintenance of this excellent institution, and subscriptions amounting to £1200 were announced.—On the same day the anniversary festival of the Royal Hospital for Incurables was held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, the subscriptions amounting to £2234; and, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge, the anniversary festival of the British Home for Incurables was celebrated yesterday week, when subscriptions amounting to £720 and legacies to £2310 were announced.—At the anniversary dinner of St. John's Foundation, on Monday, the subscriptions were £2200.

*Probably this version of the ballad is very imperfect; as it is put down here from memory.



1. Gathering in the trawl-net. 2. Fish let out of the bag at the end of the trawl-net. 3. The end-bag of the net hoisted on board. 4. Packing the fish. 5. Delivering fish to Messrs. Hewitt's carrying steam-boat. 6. Gutting the fish before packing. 7. Hauling in the "warp" or rope of the trawl-net.

TOILERS OF THE SEA: TRAWLING ON THE DOGGER BANK.

OBITUARY.

LORD O'NEILL.

The Right Hon. William, Lord O'Neill,



of Shane's Castle, in the county of Antrim, died on the 18th inst. He was born March 4, 1813, the eldest son of the Rev. Edward Chichester, Rector of Kilmore, and was heir general of the famous family of O'Neill, of Clanaboy. His education he received at Shrewsbury, and at Trinity College, Dublin, and he early entered holy orders.

In 1855 he succeeded to the extensive estates of his kinsman, Earl O'Neill, and assumed by Royal license the surname and arms of O'Neill. In 1868 he was created a peer of the United Kingdom. His Lordship married, first, Jan. 3, 1839, Henrietta, daughter of the Hon. Robert Torrens, Judge of the Common Pleas; and secondly, April 8, 1858, Elizabeth Grace, daughter of the Ven. John Torrens, D.D., Archdeacon of Dublin, by the former of whom (who died Jan. 17, 1857) he leaves two sons and a daughter. The elder son, Edward, now second Lord O'Neill, formerly M.P. for the county of Antrim, was born Dec. 31, 1839, and is married to Lady Louisa Katharine Emma, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald.

SIR JOHN MANSEL, BART.

Sir John Bell William Mansel, ninth Baronet, of Muddlescombe, county Carmarthen, J.P. and D.L., died on the 14th inst. He was born Oct. 5, 1806, the second son of Sir William Mansel, eighth Baronet, and derived his descent from Sir John Mansel, Lord Chancellor temp. Henry III. The baronetcy dates from 1622. The gentleman whose death we record was called to the Bar in 1831, served as High Sheriff of Carmarthenshire in 1846, and was Vice-Chairman of the Quarter Sessions of that county. He married, in 1832, Mary Georgiana, daughter of the Rev. John Dymoke, of Scrivelsby, the Hon. the Queen's Champion, and leaves three daughters. The title, to which he succeeded at his father's death in 1829, now devolves on his cousin and heir male.

SIR PHILIP ROSE, BART.

Sir Philip Rose, Bart., of Rayners, Bucks, who died on the 17th inst., aged sixty-seven, was J.P. for Bucks, D.L. for Middlesex, and a Knight Commander of the Mejidie; for many years a County Court Treasurer. He served as High Sheriff of Bucks in 1878, and assisted in founding the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton. The baronetcy was conferred on him in 1874, during the Premiership of his friend the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. He married, Jan. 2, 1840, Margaretta, daughter of Mr. Robert Ranking, of Hastings, and leaves issue. The eldest son, now Sir Philip Frederick Rose, second Baronet, a partner in the firm of Norton, Rose, Norton, and Brewer, married, July 25, 1866, Rosa-Anne, daughter of the Rev. W. W. Pym, M.A., and has two sons and three daughters.

LIEUT.-GENERAL ANDREW BROWNE.

Lieutenant-General Andrew Browne, C.B., of Moyville Castle, county Galway, died on the 8th inst. He was born in 1820, the only son of Mr. Andrew Browne, of Moyville, who was a younger brother of Mr. Nicholas Browne, of Mount Hazel, county Galway. General Browne entered the Army in 1841, and served in the Crimea and India. In the trenches at Sebastopol he was so severely wounded as to render necessary the amputation of his right arm and part of his left hand. He had the Crimean medal with two clasps, the Legion of Honour, the Mejidie, and the Turkish medal. In 1857 he embarked for India; in 1860 formed part of the expeditionary force sent to China, and was present at the capture of the Taku forts. For these services he was mentioned in the despatches and given the Companionship of the Bath. He married Victoria, widow of Mr. Thomas French, and daughter of Mr. Maurice Blake, of Ballinadad, county Mayo, by whom (who is deceased) he leaves an only child, Mary Maud.

SIR EDWIN PEARSON.

Sir Edwin Pearson, Knt., F.R.S., M.A., died on the 18th inst., at Rozel, Sunnyside, Wimbledon. He was a younger son of the late Mr. John Pearson, F.R.S., was born in 1802, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1825. Knighthood was conferred on him in 1836, when he was appointed Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard. He married, April 15, 1841, the Hon. Alicia Anne Hewitt, daughter of James, third Viscount Lifford, and had issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Right Rev. George R. Mackarness, M.A., Bishop of Argyll and The Isles, Scottish Episcopal Church, at Brighton, on the 20th inst., aged sixty, brother of the Bishop of Oxford.

Rear-Admiral William Hire, C.B., at his residence, Greenfield, Maidenhead, on the 13th inst., distinguished in the naval operations of the Russian War.

Colonel John Henry Willoughby Osborn, of the Bengal Infantry, recently, in his forty-third year. He served with the 73rd Foot in the Indian Mutiny campaign in the Terai, from November, 1858, till the following July.

Colonel Joseph Simmons, C.B., late of the 41st Regiment, on the 16th inst., in the ninety-third year of his age. He was one of the few survivors of the Peninsular campaigns of 1811-14; he also served throughout the first Burmese war and the campaign of 1842 in Afghanistan.

The Hon. Mrs. Stonor (Eliza), widow of the Hon. Francis Stonor, mother of Lord Camoys and daughter of the great Sir Robert Peel, on the 14th inst. She was a Lady in Waiting to the Princess of Wales from the formation of her Royal Highness's household, in 1863.

The Hon. Edward Morris Erskine, C.B. late H.M. Minister at the Court of Sweden and Norway, on the 19th inst., at Neville House, Twickenham, aged sixty-six, the fourth son of David Montagu, second Lord Erskine. He was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece from 1864 to 1872, and British Minister at Stockholm, 1872 to 1881.

Major-General H. Y. D. Scott, C.B., F.R.S., late of the Royal Engineers, on the 16th inst., at his residence, Silverdale, Sydenham, aged sixty-one. He retired from the Army in 1871, and became Director of Buildings at South Kensington, acting as architect to the Royal Albert Hall and Science Schools. He was secretary to the Royal Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition. At his death he had just finished superintending the construction of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition.

Dr. William Farr, C.B., formerly Superintendent of the Statistical Department of the Registrar-General's office, on the 14th inst., aged seventy-six. He was the author of a large number of contributions to medical journals and papers relating to statistics of health and kindred subjects, and was a corresponding member of the French Institute.

Mr. Evan Baillie of Dochfour, on the 6th inst., at Florence, aged eighty-five years. He was born on April 3, 1798, and married, in 1823, Lady Georgiana, sister of the late Duke of Manchester, who, with one son (William M. Baillie) and three daughters (Lady Wynford, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, and Mrs. Beaumont), survives him. He is succeeded in the possession of the family estates by his grandson, James E. Bruce Baillie.

Mr. Thomas Turner, J.P. and D.L. of Middlesex, long known from his exertions in behalf of numerous objects of a philanthropic character, in his seventy-first year. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1827, where he was second Wrangler and senior Smith's prizeman, and afterwards became Fellow of Trinity College. He was called to the Bar in 1831, and practised for some years in the Chancery Courts.

Mrs. Ellison (Charlotte), widow of Lieut.-Colonel Ellison, late of Boultham Hall, county Lincoln, on the 8th inst., at Hartsholme Hall, same county. The deceased lady was Charlotte, daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, second Baronet of Grendon, county Warwick. She leaves two sons, Major Ellison of Boultham, and the Rev. Charles Ellison of Bracebridge, county Lincoln; and two daughters, Mrs. Charles Waldo-Sibthorp and Mrs. Shuttleworth.

Major F. H. Gee, late of the 39th Dorsetshire Regiment, on the 11th inst., aged eighty-four, at his residence in the Lower Ward, Windsor Castle. The deceased officer had seen a great deal of active service during the Peninsula War in 1813-14, and was present at the battles of Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Bayonne, Garres, Orihes, and Toulouse, for which he received a medal with six clasps. He also took part in the Gwalior campaign in 1843, and was engaged in the battle of Maharajpore, where he gained the bronze star.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T B (Warwick-square).—Please refer to the note appended to our acknowledgment of the solutions received.

J A B (Baltimore).—Thanks for your interesting budget, of which we shall avail ourselves from time to time. We will do all we can to promote your wishes in respect of the other matter referred to.

N W (Canterbury).—You may, by promoting Pawns, have two or more Queens, Rooks, Bishops, and Knights upon the board at the same time.

T B R (Dublin).—Thanks for reminding us of the problems. They shall have early attention.

F B (Kensington).—Your problem is not up to publication mark. The capture on the first move to prevent the defence checking is too obviously necessary.

CORRECTOR SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2032, 2033, 2034, and 2035 received from Amateur (Mauritius); of No. 2037 from Hussar (Secunderabad) and Albert Blehr (North Sydney, British Columbia); of No. 2039 and 2040 from F M Le B (Santa Cruz, Tenerife); of 2040 from Rev. John Wills (Portland, U.S.A.); Emile Frau, Fred Gibbons (Tiflis) and George Price (Tiflis); of No. 2041 from W F R (Swansea), Hereward, New Forest, A Chapman, J A B, W Biddle, E J Posno (Hawlem), Alpha, H P, Gyp, J R (Edinburgh), Smutch, B G M S, and Emile Frau; of No. 2042 from Dr F St. Alpha, A H Mann, Smutch, and E E H; of Mr. Graves' Problem from J B (Edinburgh), Schmucke, Smutch, and E L G.

CORRECTOR SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2043 received from H B, Princesse Suzanne Athol (Brussels), W Hillier, John Collins, L L Greenaway, T P G, T F Butler (York), W L, New Forest, G W Law, H G Gamble, Nerina, J Ward, H Lucas, Z Ingold, R Gray, Dr. F St, G S Oldfield, G B (Macclesfield), A Chapman, Harry Springthorpe, T Webb, C S Cox, A W H Compton, Aaron Harper, R L Southwell, W J Harding, R Robinson, R H Brooks, L Sharewood, Ernest Sharswood, M O'Halloran, H Blacklock, J Hall, Cant, H K Awdry, Shadforth, C Oswald, Danum, D W Kell, Benjamin George, T Brandreth, J A B, Joseph Ainsworth, L Falcon (Antwerp), Schmucke, A E Booth, M Tipping, B H O (Salisbury), A R Street, G T B Kyngdon, E H O (Worthing), F Ferris, R A Score, S Bullen, H H X B, Jupiter Junior, Carl Friedleben, Julia Short, H H Noyes, E London, E Casella (Paris), Irene (Brussels), Otto Fulder (Ghent), A W Scrutton, J G Anstee, A M Porter, W J Rudman, An Old Hand, Ben Nevis, W F R (Swansea), T Evelyn, A H Mann, Macaulay (Margate), H Wardell, R T Kemp, Smutch, E J Posno (Hawlem), G S Wood, T H Holdorn, A Karberg (Hamburg), John Bright (Newport), O T Salisbury, A O Hunt, J R (Edinburgh), W Jewess, W Biddle, G J (Harrow), Emile Frau, E L G, James Pilkington, E E H, H Stebbing, and K (Bridgewater).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2042.

- WHITE.
1. Q to Kt 6th
2. Q takes K R P (ch)
3. Mates accordingly.

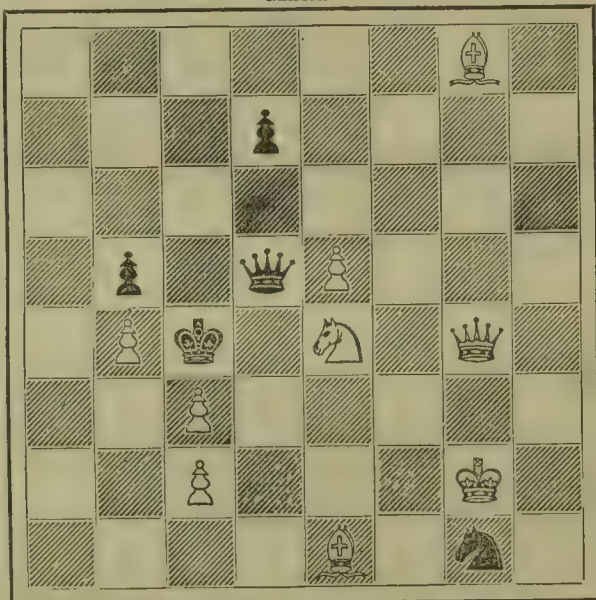
BLACK.
P to B 4th*
Any move

* If Black play 1. B takes Kt, White continues with 2. Q takes P (at B 6th), and if 2. Kt takes P, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2045.

By DONALD MACKAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Although the great International Tournament, to which the chess world has been looking forward with the liveliest anticipations for some months past, will be in progress when this column comes before our readers; we go to press too early in the week to record even the opening proceedings here. It is known, however, that many of the most skilful players of Europe and America have entered the lists, including Messrs. Blackburne, Mackenzie, Mason, Paulsen, Rosenthal, Sellman, Tschigorin, Winawer, Zukertort, Englisch, Schwarz, Noa, and Steinitz.

The prizes in the grand tournament, as the "constant reader" is probably aware, are six in number, ranging in value from £300 for the first, to £75 for the last, and a further sum of £50 will be distributed among the competitors not numbered among the prize-winners. In addition to these, the official prizes, the sum of £25 is provided by Baron Kolisch, of Vienna, for the player who, failing to gain a place among the first six, makes the best score against them. Each player must play two games with every other player, under a time limit of one hour for fifteen moves, drawn games not counting until three such games have been played, when the last will be scored as half a point to each side. The days of play are Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from noon to five, and from seven to midnight; and the price of admission to spectators has been fixed at half a crown per diem. For the minor, or Vizayanagaram tourney, there are nearly thirty entries, comprising many of the leading British and Continental amateurs. Five prizes are offered, £60, £50, £40, £30, and £20 respectively, and it is open only to players, presumably inferior in skill or experience to the competitors engaged in the Masters' tourney. In this competition the time limit is one hour for twenty moves, and the hours of play are from seven p.m. to midnight.

The annual dinner of the City of London Club was arranged to be held on Tuesday last, the 24th inst., Mr. Gastineau, the popular president of the club, in the chair. Most of the competitors in the grand tourney from abroad had accepted invitations to attend, but, writing before the event, we must, necessarily, defer a report of the proceedings to next week.

PORT LYTTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND.

A public work of great importance to commercial navigation, and which may facilitate direct intercourse between England and the Southern (often called the Middle) Island of New Zealand, has recently been completed with remarkable success. That part of the island formerly styled the Canterbury Province, of which the flourishing city of Christchurch is the capital, has Lyttelton for its chief seaport, with a large natural harbour partially sheltered by the heights of Banks Peninsula, to the south, and Godley Head, to the north, but which was shut out from the inland plains by lofty hill-ranges. The late Provincial Government of Canterbury, which has, with all the other Governments of the several Provinces in both islands, been superseded by the Act of political centralisation passed in 1875, showed a wonderful degree of enterprise and courage in overcoming this obstacle, as well as in other material improvements. So far back as 1860, only ten years after the arrival of the first party of settlers in Canterbury, the Provincial Government, of which the late Mr. W. Sefton Moorhouse was then Superintendent, began the construction of a railway, with a tunnel cut 2838 yards in length through hard volcanic rock, connecting Port Lyttelton with Christchurch; and this railway, through the tunnel, was opened for traffic in 1864. There are now lines of railway from north to south, with many branches, in Canterbury and Otago. A Commission was also appointed, in 1863, for the improvement of the harbour, Mr. W. B. Bray, C.E., a pupil of Robert Stephenson, being its Chairman; and the result was the construction of a breakwater, and of quays and wharves, much enhancing the safety and convenience of the port. Mr. Walter Kennaway, now Secretary to the Agent-General for the New Zealand Government in London, then held the office of Secretary for Public Works in the Canterbury Government, and signed the contract for the moles and breakwater. In 1877, the Lyttelton Harbour Board was constituted, by an Act of the General Assembly of New Zealand; but the Canterbury Provincial Government deserves the credit of having already, before it ceased to rule in that part of the colony, resolved on the construction of docks. The Superintendent of the Province after Mr. Moorhouse was the Hon. W. Rolleston. The Harbour Board, of which the Hon. E. Richardson was the first Chairman, in 1879 undertook to provide a graving-dock which would afford facilities for repairing and cleaning large ships. Mr. C. Napier Bell, C.E., was appointed engineer; and the tender of Messrs. Ware and Jones, as contractors, was accepted in October of that year. They have finished their work, the contract price of which was nearly £92,000, in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the Board; and the new Graving Dock was opened on Jan. 3 this year, by the Acting-Governor of New Zealand, Sir James Prendergast, with hearty congratulations and hopeful predictions for the future of Port Lyttelton. A fine vessel called the Hurunui, Captain Hazlewood, of 1012 tons, one of the New Zealand Shipping Company's fleet, was the first to open the dock, breaking a ribbon stretched across the entrance, amidst the cheers of a large assemblage of spectators. The Christchurch Volunteer Artillery and the Lyttelton Naval Brigade formed a guard of honour to his Excellency the Acting Governor. After this ceremony, the Chairman of the Harbour Board, Mr. Peter Cunningham, entertained a company of seven hundred gentlemen at luncheon, the chief guests being Sir James Prendergast, the Acting Governor; Sir Julius Vogel, late Agent-General in London, and formerly Prime Minister of New Zealand; the Bishop of Christchurch, the Hon. W. Rolleston, the Hon. E. Richardson, the Chairman of the Wellington, Dunedin, Oamaru, and Timaru Harbour Boards, and the Mayor of Christchurch. The President of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. W. D. Meares, gave an account of the rapid commercial progress of this (Canterbury) part of New Zealand, the exports of which in 1881 had risen to the value of £1,539,000, having nearly trebled in about ten years, while the imports show an equal rate of increase. The amount of shipping that enters this port is exceeded only by the port of Auckland, being nearly the same as that of Dunedin (Port Chalmers), the chief port of Otago.

We give an illustration of the harbour of Lyttelton, and the scene at the opening of its new graving dock, which is one of the largest and most commodious in the southern hemisphere, or in any of the British colonies. Its length is 450 ft.; width at entrance, 62 ft.; least width where the ship's bilge would be, 54 ft.; width at the top, 82 ft.; width on the floor, 46 ft.; and depth of water on the sill, 23 ft. The floor is of stone bedded in cement 2 ft. thick, upon concrete 2 ft. 6 in. thick; and the sides, divided into twelve steps, are of similar materials, the whole perfectly solid. More than 100,000 cubic yards of rock had to be excavated for this dock, which is situated in the south-west corner of the inner harbour. It is closed not by gates, but by an iron caisson, 62 ft. long, 19 ft. broad in the upper part, and 28 ft. deep, constructed by Messrs. Kay and Stephenson, of Christchurch, under the direction of Mr. Napier Bell, the engineer. This caisson is divided into three compartments, which are ballasted with pig iron, and which can be filled with water at discretion to make it sink, broadside on, at the invert of the dock; but when the dock is to be reopened, the caisson is emptied of water by its pumps, and is removed to moorings outside. The graving dock will enable ships of a thousand tons or more to be easily cleaned or repaired; and it will be provided with all the needful workshops, and with lines of rail for the conveyance of goods or materials. A patent slip, taking vessels of 590 tons, is also to be erected, so that Port Lyttelton will offer the most complete accommodation to shipping direct from England or from any other part of the world. At the port of Timaru, a hundred and twenty miles south of Lyttelton, a breakwater is being constructed, which will make another safe and convenient harbour for the increasing maritime traffic of that fine agricultural district.

The Irish Land Corporation have agreed to take Lord Cloncurry's evicted farms near Murroe, county Limerick, at the rent which the previous tenants refused to pay.

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These goods are in such great variety, it would be an impossibility to enter into any detail or description that would at the same time do justice to the beauty of the various patterns. I will enumerate one or two that have specially caught my fancy:—
 1 is a Terra-Cotta Ground, with moss roses in pale peacock blues and sage green foliage. The pattern is illustrated in many colourings, but this would be my favourite.
 2 is a design in shades of brown and gold tints, with butterflies and small beetles; this also can be had in many colourings.
 3 is a charming little pattern of diminutive fairies and gnats, which sounds much more eccentric than it looks.

PLAIN SATEENS, 7d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 2d.

FRENCH POMPADOURS, 8d., 10d., 1s. 2d., 1s. 3d.

Space will not admit of entering into further detail. I must, however, draw attention to the Gingham or Zephyrs. These most useful fabrics are exceedingly pretty this season. With this slight allusion to the countless pretty and inexpensive dresses that are crowded before me, I dismiss my subject.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS, ZEPHYRS, 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s.

GOOD SOFT GROSGRAINE, 12 yards, 21s. and 35s.

RICH CORDED, 12 yards, 47s.

A Good Black Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, £1 10s.

A Rich Black Lyons Satin Dress of 12 yards, 24 inches wide, all pure Silk, for £2.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.



THE WEAR of every yard guaranteed by the Manufacturer, and the GENUINE bears on the back of every yard the Name

"LOUIS."

Ladies who have found other makes of Velveteens to wear badly, should be careful to buy only those stamped

"LOUIS."

This CELEBRATED VELVETEEN is sold by all the leading Drapers throughout the Kingdom, many of whom will send PATTERNS post-free on application.



HOUSE SANITATION.

FOR THE MEANS OF PREVENTING PREMATURE DEATH FROM DISEASE,

read a large Illustrated Sheet given with each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT—the information is invaluable. The Fruit Salt (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled, and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it. I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno.

A RUNAWAY KNOCK.—Douglas Jerrold, describing a very dangerous illness from which his daughter had just recovered, said, "Ah, Sir; it was a runaway knock at Death's door. I can assure you." How to prevent premature death from disease by natural means—use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It is the best known remedy; it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood, allays nervous excitement and depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only at ENO'S Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

JAMES CHAPMAN supplies the above LOUIS VELVETEENS, par excellence, at the lowest tariff, in Black and all Colours.

ANGLO-INDIAN CASHMERE,

Dress Length of Eight Yards,

£1 THE LENGTH.

Fifty-Six Colourings and Black.

MY BEAUTIFUL SPÉCIALITÉ.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.

PERFECT FIT.

LATEST MODES.

MOST MODERATE PRICES.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COUTURIÈRES.

COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING.

Sketches on Application, forwarded Gratis.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING-HILL, W.

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Wilson's American "Extra Toast" are the finest Biscuits the world produces. Nothing like them ever introduced before. They are the Biscuits of the future, being very light, crisp, fresh, and delicious beyond comparison. For breakfast, or with milk; for luncheon, dessert or tea, or with wine, they are incomparable. Demand daily increasing. Obtain Wilson's American "Extra Toast" Biscuits of all leading Grocers, Confectioners, &c. Sole Consignee DAVID CHALLEN, Millmay Rd., London

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of all DIRT from Everything

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Hudson's Extract of Soap.



REWARD!! Purity, Health,
 Perfect Satisfaction,
 by its regular
 daily use.





PORT LYTTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND, WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW GRAVING DOCK.

FINE ARTS.

WAR PICTURES.

Four pictures of incidents of the late war in Egypt are being exhibited at the Fine-Art Society's Rooms in Bond-street, and will repay a visit. Two of these represent "The Bombardment of Alexandria," and are by W. C. Wyllie. The others are "Kassassin," by R. C. Woodville; and "Tel-el-Kebir," by A. de Neuville.

The two large works by Mr. Wyllie mark a great advance, and are of artistic value as well as historic interest. He has brought to these the habitually close and careful observation which has distinguished his pictures of the Thames below bridge, with its drifting barges and forest of shipping, its churned waters fouled with mud, and its smoky and foggy, and usually grey, overcast sky. How startling is the change here before Alexandria!—where even the great battle does not obscure the azure of the sky, and where the deeper changeable blue and green of the sea dance in sunlight such as never either gladden or blind the eyes in these latitudes. The artist, however, seems equally at home in the Mediterranean, and as faithful as his familiar renderings of the homeliest craft of the "pool" or the coast are his representations of the great floating monsters of destruction, that are here pouring forth their iron hail of shell and shot and great clouds of white smoke. We have no doubt the artist's ironclads will satisfy professional experts; and it strikes us also that the effects generally of the bombardment—of the firing from the distant forts, the strange forms the smoke assumes, the peculiar splash where shot or shell graze or enter the waves, and other phenomena—are set before us much more veraciously than we are accustomed to find them. One picture shows the Alexandria, Sultan, and Superb silencing the forts from the Ras-el-Tin to the Pharos. The other records the gallant exploit of the little Condor in drawing off the fire of the Marabout fort from the Penelope, Monarch, and Invincible.

Mr. Woodville—to whom our columns owe so many brilliant illustrations of the Egyptian and other wars—has, in treating the memorable moonlight charge of the household cavalry at Kassassin, chosen the moment that Colonels Ewart and Home, at the head of their men, are passing through the enemy's lines "like thunder riding on the wind," to quote the phrase of Mr. Lewis Wingfield, to whose fuller descriptions in a pamphlet, to be had in the gallery, we must refer the reader. The moonlight effect, though foiled by flashes of revolver and rifle from the cowering Egyptians, has not permitted Mr. Woodville to obtain the charm of colour; but we need hardly say that the charge is conceived and realised with immense spirit and energy. The horse ridden by Colonel Ewart that dashes straight on towards the spectator is only one of several instances of skill in foreshortening in which the artist has few rivals. This, too, is an authentic, trustworthy representation, and very creditable to the rapidly rising battle painter.

Monsieur de Neuville's "Tel-el-Kebir" strongly exemplifies the artistic power of the painter, though it everywhere presents marks of haste. It seems incredible, but the fact is certified, that this twelve-feet long canvas, with its innumerable figures, was painted in only thirty days! Yet the terrible story is told with a wealth of incident, and with a verisimilitude beguiling the spectator into the belief that he is an actual witness of the scene—that could only have been compassed by one who had made acquaintance with war *de près*, as did M. de Neuville during the Franco-German campaign. What we find very remarkable, also—for so much can hardly be said of any other French painter—is that the English in his pictures are neither disguised Frenchmen nor caricatures. We see before us the rush of the Highland Brigade at the formidable earthworks—the swarming of the men over the brink of and into the first trench, and the scaling of the opposite wall, twelve feet high. Standing on the bodies of those in the trench, mounting on each other's shoulders, those above dragging up those below, using rifle and sword as lever, the gallant fellows are gaining the higher level, as comrades fall dead or wounded above them. But it would take us far beyond our limits to describe the countless episodes and incidents of this most stirring and brilliant sketch. We must be content to add that the effect of golden dawn is very vividly and truthfully realised.

WORKS OF GEORGE TINWORTH.

The large galleries, at 9, Conduit-street, are filled, and worthily filled, with the works of George Tinworth—the poor wheelwright originally; then the most interesting of many promising pupils trained by Mr. Sparkes in the Lambeth School of Art; for the last fifteen years the pride of the Lambeth faience and terra-cotta workshop that we owe to the enterprise and taste of the Messrs. Doulton; and now probably the most original, certainly the most independent, artist in England. This exhibition includes most of the very various works executed by Mr. Tinworth, with some notable exceptions, such as the lunettes of the Guards' Chapel; the "Reredos" of York Minster and the "Descent from the Cross" of the Edinburgh Art Museum. We have, of course, those two of the series of large panels illustrating the last days of Christ on earth, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and there attracted so much attention. But we have also two new still larger panels, the "Release of Barabbas" and "Preparing for the Crucifixion"; and even more singular and surprising are they for their inventively literalistic and anecdotic conception, for dramatic truth in the expressions, and graphic vigour of treatment. In an introduction to the catalogue, Mr. E. W. Gosse gives a notice of the genius and work of the religious sculptor that is really valuable for its acumen and discrimination. The unique "personality" of the sculptor is due to the isolation of his life, to the love of the Bible nursed in his heart by his sectarian mother, to his treating Biblical subjects solely from his experience of human nature gained among the poor and the bourgeoisie of his native Walworth. To something of the taste of Ghiberti, he unites the sympathies of Peter Visscher. We suspect he has been much influenced by the congenial early German sculptors: his types and treatment could hardly have been drawn from Walworth. The license or latitude of full or high relief seems necessary to realise his picturesque conception.

The revival of the art of tapestry weaving in this country is no longer confined to Windsor. Four important panels have lately been completed in London by Messrs. Trollope and Sons, and are on view at their premises in Falkin-street West. The series were made for Moy Hall, the residence of The Macintosh, and they represent incidents in the history of the Clan Chattan, of which The Macintosh is the chieftain.

A few paintings in oil and water-colours, and pastels, by members of the French "Société des Impressionnistes"—namely, Messieurs Dezas, Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Pissaro, Boudin, J. L. Brown, and Mesdames Cassatt and Morizot—are on view at Messrs. Dowdeswells', Bond-street. A French critic says that these painters "observe the fugitive aspect, the special notation of the moment—in a word, the 'impression' of the object in order to fix it on the canvas." The

more extravagant of the examples shown greatly shock, by their slightness, roughness, and violent contrasts of bright light, and blue shadows; though it may be admitted that they only exaggerate certain important art truths. But the great fault of the French impressionists is their perverse disregard of, or insensibility to, beauty, especially in form. The most sudden view, or most fleeting impression of figures or landscape is to the ordinary eye, and still more to the artistically cultivated perception, the most lovely. Nature is always beautiful in the main; it is the details that are imperfect. Few of these works, however, are even pleasing, and some are simply hideous.

At Messrs. Vokins' Gallery, 16, Great Portland-street, there is now an exhibition of great interest as an illustration of the English water-colour school. It comprises drawings by the most famous water-colour artists of fifty years ago, including Barrett, David Cox, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Cattermole, Cotman, W. Hunt, J. D. Harding, J. F. Lewis, S. Prout, Varley, and others who are better known as oil painters. This collection was formed by the late G. F. Robson for Mrs. Haldimand, and was contained in an album of three volumes, so that the drawings are all of small size. Though they are supposed to represent the cream of water-colour art of the period (1826-28) some of the artists names are not forgotten. Among the most noteworthy drawings are:—"A Composition," George Barrett; "Scene at Salisbury," J. Constable, R.A.; "The Village of Melrose," Luke Clennell; "Brisk Gale," Copley Fielding; "Châtillon, Val d'Aosta," J. D. Harding; "A Shepherd Boy," W. Mulready, R.A.; "Westmoreland Cottages," P. S. Munn; "A Cascade," A. Wilson; "Falstaff and Mrs. Ford," J. M. Wright; "Falls of the Tummell," W. Nesfield; "Portsmouth Roads," C. Stanfield, R.A.; "Oyster-Beds, Whitstable," J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; "A Lion Seizing a Boar," J. Ward, R.A.—There is in the same gallery a set of twenty views on the Thames, from Greenwich to Oxford, by Birket Foster.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Several publications of merit are before us from the house of Mr. W. Czerny; among the most noteworthy being a "Morceau Caractéristique," entitled "Chant du Soldat," for violin (or flute, or violoncello), with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by Berthold Tours; a song, "Dost Thou Remember?" by P. von Tugginer; an "Ave Maria" for soprano, with piano or organ accompaniment, by Isabel Howitz; and an "Andantino Pastorale" for the pianoforte, by Eduard Lassen.

From Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. we have "Three Short Andantes for the Organ," by W. Porter, which are pleasing and not too difficult; a full anthem for four voices, "Lord, I am not High-minded"; "Six Settings of the Kyrie Eleison"; and a glee, "While from the Purpling East," by J. Storer, all of a sound and musician-like character.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. furnish a welcome variety of vocal and instrumental music. Among the former, "A Hebrew Love Song," by Charles Salaman, is charming, with a wild, mournful refrain of much beauty. A graceful song, by Henry Logé, "Sweet Evenings Come and Go, Love," deserves favourable mention. The instrumental music comprises transcriptions for pianoforte solo of Schubert's "Marche Héroïque" and "Marche Militaire," by A. H. Jackson.

From Messrs. Willcocks and Co. we have some pleasing contributions—A "Slumber Song," by F. Corder, is flowing and elegant; we also notice a clever "Suite" for pianoforte, and a pretty "Valse," by Otto Schweitzer.

"The Thread of the Story," by Louisa Gray; and "My Only Love," by Isidore De Lara, are attractive songs; they are published by Messrs. Duff and Stewart.

"The Song of a Fan," by Ciro Pinsuti, published by Mr. Alfred Hays, is a quaint and pretty conceit.

Messrs. S. Brewer and Co. contribute some easy drawing-room pieces for the piano—"Riverside Sketches," by T. Lake, will attract young performers, as will also "Castalia," valse de salon, and "The Burlington Schottische," by Carl Mahler; and "Camarilla," Morceau de Salon, by W. Smallwood. All these pieces are carefully fingered.

The contributions of Messrs. Weekes and Co. include several pleasing glees, part-songs, &c., a flowing and melodious song, "Blossoms of Springtide," by Hector R. Maclean; "Thirteen Original Organ Pieces," by C. J. Frost, which are interesting and not difficult; a "Valse Caprice," by C. F. Reddie; and "Giocoso Caprice," by H. R. Maclean, for pianoforte. Also a lively and taking valse, entitled "Moments Délicieux," by W. E. Allen.

WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE.

Yesterday week a meeting was held in the theatre of this institution for the purpose of bidding farewell to the principal of the college, Mr. Tom Hughes, who has occupied that position during the past eleven years, and of welcoming the new principal, Sir John Lubbock.

Mr. Crawley, who occupied the chair, referred to the deep debt of gratitude they owed Mr. Hughes for his long and valuable services to the college, and said that the best guarantee of a continuance of its success was to be found in the acceptance of the post of principal by Sir John Lubbock, whose kindly influence and widespread popularity could not fail to prove a powerful incentive to the future progress of the institution. Professor Flower having also spoken, an address was presented to the retiring principal thanking him in cordial terms for the active part he had taken, some thirty years since, in the foundation of the college and for the staunch support of its objects down to the present time.

Mr. Ludlow, Mr. Whitmore, and other gentlemen connected with the management of the college having spoken in support of the address, Mr. Tom Hughes, after sketching the history of the college, thanked all present for their expressions of good feelings towards him, and said that he was full of hope for the future of the institution now that a principal had been found whose sympathies were so decidedly in favour of the higher branches of education, and whose eminence in the scientific world was so generally recognised as Sir John Lubbock.

Sir John Lubbock, taking the chair as principal of the college, said that he esteemed it a high privilege to be allowed to take part in the noble work of the institution.

The Hon. J. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, and Lord Justice Bowen paid a tribute of respect to the retiring principal as a man whose life had been one of high aims and noble achievements, and the proceedings closed with three cheers for Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Douglas Close Richmond, one of the secretaries to the Charity Commission, has been appointed a Charity Commissioner, in the place of Lord Colchester, resigned.

A baronetcy has been conferred on Mr. T. Spencer Wells, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, in acknowledgment of the distinguished services which he has rendered to his profession and to humanity.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (with three codicils) of the late Archbishop of Canterbury has been proved by the Rev. Randall T. Davidson and Mr. John Hassard, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under the net sum of £35,500. The Stonehouse Estate, in the Isle of Thanet, is entailed upon his eldest daughter, and the residue of the personal estate, subject to certain legacies and annuities to servants and others, is settled upon his three daughters.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1882) of Mr. George Wythes, late of Bickley Park, Kent, and of Copt Hall, Essex, who died on the 3rd ult., was proved on the 18th inst. by William West and William Thomas Wythes, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,500,000. The testator devises the Bickley Park estate, upon trust, for his grandson, George Edward Wythes; the Copt Hall estate, upon trust, for his grandson, Ernest James Wythes; and certain farms and lands in the counties of Suffolk and Surrey, upon trust, for his granddaughter Alice Frances Dorothea Wythes. The plate, pictures, furniture and household effects, at Bickley Park and Copt Hall respectively, are to go with the estates. There are numerous pecuniary bequests to relatives, executors, servants, and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as two fifths for each of his said grandsons, and as to one fifth for his said granddaughter.

The will (dated Dec. 27, 1880) of Mr. George Henry Pinckney, formerly of East Sheen, Surrey, afterwards of Lockeridge, near Marlborough, Wilts, but late of Tawstock Court, Barnstaple, Devon, who died on Jan. 12 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Miss Mary Pinckney, the daughter, Lord Henry Brudenell Bruce, the Rev. William John Pinckney, the nephew, and the Rev. John Dene, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £76,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Pinckney, all his furniture and household effects, and the cash in the house and at his bankers'; and complimentary legacies to his executors. The residue of his property, real and personal, is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his three daughters, Mary Pinckney, Georgiana Sophia Maria Brudenell Bruce, and Alice Jane Maud Pinckney.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1874) of Mr. Edmund Jardine, late of Liverpool, cotton broker, who died on Oct. 27 last at Birkdale, near Southport, has been proved by John Ferguson Jardine, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £61,000. The testator leaves to Agnes Ferguson an annuity of £200; and to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Jardine, his residence, Beach Lawn, Waterloo, with the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects for life. A sum of £40,000 is to be set aside, upon trust, to pay to each of his daughters £5000 on attaining twenty-one or marrying, and a further sum of £5000 on the death of his wife, and, subject thereto, to pay the interest of the said sum of £40,000 to his wife for life. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his sons.

The will (dated May 28, 1881) of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., late of Meredith, near Gloucester, who died on Sept. 18 last, at Inveresk Lodge, Musselburgh, N.B., was proved on the 10th ult. by Sir William Wedderburn, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £43,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 upon trust for each of his sisters, Mrs. Alicia Henrietta Hope and Mrs. Louisa Jane Percival, their husbands and children; £500 to each of the children of his sister Mrs. Percival; and the residue of the personalty to his said brother, to whom all testator's real estate in Scotland descends as heir-at-law. The deceased was formerly M.P. in the Liberal interest for Ayrshire, and afterwards for the Haddington District of Burghs.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1883) of Mr. Richard Ardill Dallas, LL.D., late of No. 92, Kensington Gardens-square, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Mr. Andrew Richard Scoble, Q.C., and George Sanderson Lynch, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator leaves the order of Pio Nino, bestowed on him by his Holiness Pope Pius IX., to his son, John Henry Langford Dallas; an annuity to his sister, Mrs. Ferguson; and the residue between his children John Henry Langford, Annie, Helen, Ethel, and Cecil.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1877) of Mr. Charles Frederick Perkins, late of No. 1, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 30 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Mrs. Mary Perkins, the widow, and Colonel Aeneas Perkins, C.B., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £35,000. The testator leaves £2000 and all his furniture and effects to his wife, and the residue of his estate and effects upon trust for her for life. At his wife's death he gives legacies of £500 each to four godchildren, and the ultimate residue to his said brother.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1879) of Mr. George Henry Ellis, late of No. 16, Spring-gardens, who died on Jan. 23 last at St. Julian's road, Streatham, was proved on the 5th ult. by Edmund Henry Ellis and Vivian Ellis, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Helen Catherine Ellis, £650, and all his household furniture and effects; and the residue of his property is to be held upon trust for her for life. At his wife's death he gives legacies to four of his children; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his other four children, Edmund Henry, Vivian, Gerald Arthur, and Eustace.

The will (dated July 31, 1878), with three codicils (dated Dec. 9, 1878; and Aug. 7 and Oct. 21, 1879), of Mr. Henry Eden Mynors, late of Chewton Keynsham, Somersetshire, who died on Jan. 21 last, at Mentone, was proved on the 9th ult. by George Brittan, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £27,000. The testator, after giving his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Mehetabel Josephine Mynors, and some legacies, leaves the residue of the personalty to his wife for life; then to her niece, Helen Josephine Stephenson, for her life; and then to William Samuel Whittuck and Frederick Edward Whittuck. He also leaves all his real estate to his wife for life, then to the said Helen Josephine Stephenson for life; then, as to that part in the parish of Chewton Keynsham, to Edward Thomas Lucas Roberts; and as to the remainder, to the said W. S. and F. E. Whittuck.

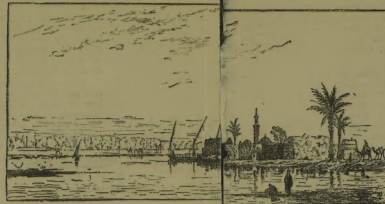
The will (dated Oct. 12, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 19, following), of Louis Blanc, otherwise Jean Joseph Louis Blanc, late of No. 204, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who died on Dec. 6 last, at Cannes, was proved in London on the 9th inst. by Alfred Hedouin and Charles Edmond, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £9000. The testator appoints M. Tattiot, Comptroller of the Gobelins, his universal legatee, subject to numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, several being to English friends, and including 20,000*fr.* to the Institution for abandoned children; all his books, excepting three specifically bequeathed, to the library of the Fifth District, for which he was deputy; and the property in his works, with the rights of authorship stipulated in the agreements with various editors, and his manuscripts, letters, and papers, to M. Hedouin.



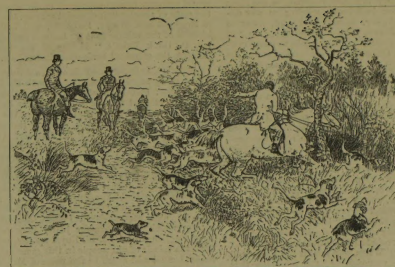
SUMMER SUNSHINE IN PALMOUTH BAY.—J. S. PHILIP.



EXPLAINING THE ATTACK.—JOHN A. HOUSTON, R.S.A.



MANILLOUT, ON THE NILE.—H. PILLEAU.



PUTTING THE HOUNDS INTO COVER.—R. CALDECOTT.



A BARGABLE AND WATER BOATS ON THE SCHIADONE, VENICE.—C. R. ASTON.



THE SANCTUM INVADIED.—E. J. GREGORY.



THE BLIND BEGGAR.—EDWIN BAILEY.



SPRING.—WALTER CHANE.



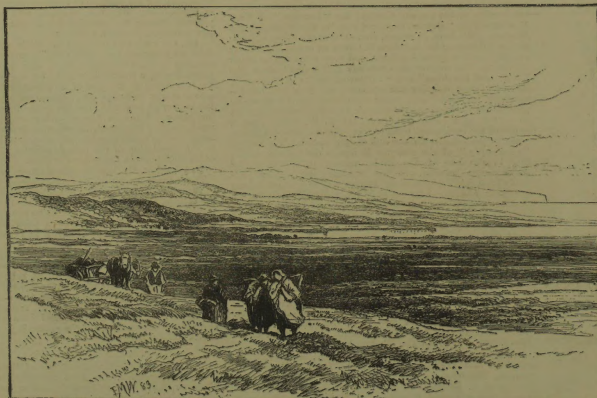
A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—C. S. REINHART.



SEA URCHIN.—F. W. W. TOPHAM.



TOM JONES.—W. SMALL.



A SCOTCH MOOR.—E. M. WINIFREDS.



A TALK OF BODRILL.—SEYMOUR LUCAS.



BRINGING UP BY HAND.—FRANK BARD.

NEW BOOKS.

Superfluous as it may be to recommend such a book as *James Nasmyth, Engineer; an Autobiography*: edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. (John Murray), a book which the title alone is sufficient to put into universal circulation, still it is impossible, on the other hand, to neglect the opportunity thus afforded of giving honour to him to whom honour is due, and of expressing gratitude for the publication of a work which the young cannot read without improvement and profit, the old without sympathy and admiration. There was once a famous French King who was dubbed Charles Martel, or The Hammer, and before him there was the renowned Judas, called Maccabæus, or The Hammerer; but it is a question whether either of them ever attained so wide a celebrity in their lifetime, or did anything so worthy of their nickname as has been attained and done by James Nasmyth, whose steam-hammer might well earn for him the distinctive appellation of Martel or Maccabæus, the Hammer or the Hammerer. It is as an engineer, as a prince among engineers, that Mr. Nasmyth is most celebrated and regarded with the most admiration and all but awe; and yet, if he were not so great an engineer, he might claim recognition as an artist and as an astronomer. This is perfectly evident from the statements, self-appreciative but modest withal, contained in his autobiography, and from the illustrations with which the volume is enriched and embellished. Of these illustrations, one is a striking portrait of the great engineer, drawn by George Reid, R.S.A., and etched by Paul Rajon; of the rest many are taken from the handiwork of the great engineer himself. James Nasmyth is not to be classed among self-made men, though in a sense, as a mechanical contriver and inventor, he has certainly made himself and his reputation; but your self-made man, properly so called, is generally understood to have "growned," like Topsy or a mushroom, whereas James Nasmyth not only had a father and even a grandfather, but a line of ancestors resident from the earliest times in Tweeddale, and possessed of lands there as long ago as the thirteenth century. How one of those ancestors, in the wars between the Scottish King and the Douglases, having embraced the Royal cause, had to fly for refuge to a smithy, disguised himself as a hammer-man, and so clumsily wielded the hammer that he was set upon with a fierce cry of "Ye're nae smyth," and thus gave rise to the family-name, is the legend, and may be accepted for what it is worth. At any rate, the Nasmyths of Netherton had lost all their property and had to begin the world from the very beginning when Michael Nasmyth, born in 1652, lived in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, and did business as a builder and architect. To him and his business succeeded, in 1751, his grandson, Michael Nasmyth, who died in 1803, leaving two sons, Michael and Alexander, the latter of whom, a "learned artist and ardent lover of nature," became, in 1808, the father of James the Hammerer. By that time the name appears to have been written Nasmyth. James, from the cradle, was "a very noticin' bairn," as the future inventor might well be; he was also ambidexter, giving a preference to the use of his left hand, however, and this early double-handedness was no more, perhaps, than so versatile a contriver should have exhibited in his infancy. As often happens, however, in the case of men who are destined to greatness, he had a narrow escape of his life when he was scarcely more than a baby. It was not such an accident as befell the three children sliding on the ice, all on a summer's day, but such as may befall, and only by a miracle does not befall nine children out of ten on any day of the week among the well-to-do with decent houses and tempting stair-cases; for he was sliding boy-like down the railing of the stairs, which were of stone, with a stone pavement, presumably, at the bottom, when he toppled over and fell—it is hardly too much to say, providentially—into the midst of some carpets which the servants were just bringing in from being beaten; else there would have been no steam-hammer, with the name of Nasmyth attached to it at any rate. A few years afterwards the ruin of his brain was vainly attempted by a "leading teacher" of Edinburgh, named Knight, who was much aggrieved at his dulness in the matter of a "preter-pluperfect tense" and banged his head against the wall to remedy the evil. However, the steam-hammer was not to be thwarted by the amiable intentions and vigorous exertions of the "leading teacher"; and James Nasmyth, by the time he had reached seventeen years of age, had "acquired a considerable amount of practical knowledge as to the use and handling of mechanical tools," which did not include the "preter-pluperfect tense." He soon began to "contrive," and awakened the jealousy of a typhus-fever, which attempted, without more success, very fortunately, than the accident and the "leading teacher," to stop him in his career. Another year and he had obtained the object of his ambition, the post of private assistant to the very eminent Mr. Maudsley; on whose lamented death he passed over to the service of Mr. Joshua Field; and about eight years afterwards, in November, 1839, he had rapidly sketched out the wonderful "steam-hammer," an instrument so contrived that "the workman might, as it were, *think in blows*. He might deal them out on to the ponderous glowing mass, and mould or knead it into the desired form as if it were a lump of clay; or pat it with gentle taps according to his will, or at the desire of the foreman"; he might pound Jumbo to a jelly in no time or split a walnut, he might shake a whole parish with a tremendous shock or "crack the end of an egg placed in a wine-glass on the anvil." Here is an amazing anecdote: "The pile-driving machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method, while I adopted the new one. The resident managers (at Devonport) sought out two great pile logs of equal size and length—70 ft. long and 18 in. square. At a given signal we started together. I let in the steam and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered down blows at the rate of eighty a minute; and in the course of four and a half minutes my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upwards of twelve hours to complete the driving of the pile!" One holds one's breath to read of such deeds; and one cannot but acknowledge that Peace has its victories, and victories of force, too, no less renowned than War. But time and space would fail, if one were to attempt to give in a single article the briefest possible sketch of all the marvels, or a tithe of them, to be found in the volume. It is a treasury of interest, instruction, and wonders; it may almost be said to be an education in itself.

Ladies about to travel will do well to make themselves acquainted with the contents of *A Lady's Travels Round the World*: by F. D. Bridges (John Murray); and ladies about to stay at home will do almost equally well, if not better, to adopt the same agreeable process. The volume is handsome and pleasant to the eye, and a handy one to use: it contains a most interesting narrative, vivaciously and sensibly written, and so illustrated from the writer's own sketches that the difficulty is to know whether the work of her pen or of her pencil deserves the higher commendation. One thing only was wanted to make the book as nearly perfect as it could be; that is an index, whereof the absence is to be regretted. A map there is, a sufficiently clear and full one;

and upon it, thanks to a bright meandering line of red vermilion, it is easy to follow the lady's course as she leads us from England to Greece, judiciously sparing us any description of her passage thither, thence to Egypt, away to India, anon to Java and Japan, then a long voyage to San Francisco, a trip to British Columbia, back again to San Francisco, to Salt Lake City, to Chicago, to New York, leaving us to imagine how she returned to England. Some readers, no doubt, will be disappointed with the fragmentary nature of the narrative, with the scarcity of details, with the deliberate rejection of opportunities for improving the occasion and for writing an instructive or a descriptive or a speculative essay; but the majority will probably rejoice at such self-denial, whereby it is rendered possible for them to take in, as it were at a glance, a vast area without fatigue and to seize the prominent points of the picture without strain or bewilderment. Moreover, the writer professes to give no more than extracts selected from a journal which she kept for her mother's information and entertainment; and such a collection of extracts would necessarily present a somewhat jejune appearance, amply atoned for, however, by the more than usually natural expression and unaffected simplicity which would almost certainly be their chief characteristics. The lady, reflecting upon her experiences, appears to be as much divided in her mind as a Homeric hero invariably was at any important crisis. When she recalls the many and great fatigues which were unavoidable, the fever-fits that were not unfrequent and for ever impending, and the perils that occasionally had to be encountered, she is strongly disposed to say "don't" to all ladies about to travel, that is, if they purpose to go "all round everywhere"; but she feels at the same time that there is a great deal to be said on the other side, which is the side to which she evidently inclines in her heart. She holds it truth with them who maintain that "the weariness of the way is amply compensated for by the delight of realising long-cherished visions, of mentally annexing vast territories which before were only a geographical expression," and of discovering how much humanity there is in human nature, how unexpectedly great and general is the kindness shown to the stranger (especially, of course, if the stranger appear to belong to the "comfortable class" and likely to turn out to be an "eligible acquaintance"). "To understand the new, search the old," she wisely quotes; and, with a modest ingenuous confession of her own negligence in that respect, she suggests "a valuable travelling equipment" to the notice of ladies about to travel. "Take," she says, "some knowledge of what in days past has been thought and done and said in the countries you purpose visiting," inasmuch as "to rightly appreciate the present or take an intelligent interest in the future of a people, we must know their past; and study even the superstitions and shortcomings of their childhood, as well as their first attempts in art and architecture to fashion for themselves forms of beauty and utility." There are, no doubt, some peoples of whom it may be said that they never had any past worth mentioning and others of whom it may be predicted that they will have no future; and thus the range of what may be called the preliminary knowledge required of ladies about to travel is reduced within less impracticable limits. How slow a people we are, however, compared with our American cousins, and how "go ahead" a people they are, may be inferred from a few facts which the lady jotted down whilst she was staying at Denver, Colorado. "Twenty years ago," she writes, "buffaloes and Indians were here. Now, as I sit in my window, I can count sixty telegraph and telephone wires crossing the street. The latter has quite taken the place of the telegraph for short distances in this country; every house of business, as well as private house of any size near large towns, has one. A lady tells us she can recognise her friends' voices when, from her study, she speaks to them at a distance of seventeen miles. She never thinks of writing orders to the butcher or grocer, but merely says, through her telephone, 'Put me in communication with so-and-so'; and the clerk at the Central Office 'hitches on' her wire to that of the tradesman she wishes to address, and thus she gives her orders to the young man at the counter without leaving her arm-chair." A Yankee would probably see no reason at all why Rome should not have been built in a day; but what American posterity will find to do, if their fathers "go ahead" at this rate, is more than human imagination can conceive.

A painful subject of inquiry, but one that it would be culpable for social reformers to neglect, is the *History of the Insane in the British Isles*, which is the title of a volume recently published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., the work of Dr. D. Hack Tuke, a very high authority, President of the Medico-Psychological Association, and joint editor of their "Journal of Mental Science." He belongs to a family whose leading members in three past generations, during ninety years have distinguished themselves by humane and judicious efforts to improve the system of treatment applied to this afflicted class of patients. It was in 1792 that William Tuke, of York, a benevolent and public-spirited member of the Society of Friends, who had been shocked by seeing the lunatics confined in then existing public hospitals, chained and lying in straw, and who equally disapproved the concealment that was practised in local private asylums, first took up this cause as John Howard had taken up that of prison reform. "The York Retreat," projected and established by this worthy man, became the model British institution of its kind; and a description of its plan, method, and successful operations, published by Samuel Tuke in 1813, obtained very general notice and approval. This movement in England was thus originated, and was carried on for some time, quite independently of the admirable studies and practical efforts of the eminent French physician, Pinel, at the Bicêtre of Paris, to which Dr. Hack Tuke, in his account of the progress of improvement regarding the treatment of insanity, does most ample justice. The chapter to which we have referred, in his interesting and instructive book, is preceded by a sketch of the superstitious, ignorant, foolish, and cruel notions and practices of antiquity concerning madness, of which many curious anecdotes are here related; and, secondly, by a particular description of "Old Bedlam," properly styled Bethlehem Hospital. This was situated originally just outside Bishopsgate, rebuilt in 1675 in Moorfields, on the site of what is now Finsbury-circus, and removed in 1815 to St. George's Fields, Southwark. The other great London hospital for the insane—namely, St. Luke's, in Old-street, but at first on Windmill-hill, Moorfields, was established by voluntary subscription in 1751; and of this institution, likewise, there is a brief historical account. But the most important parts of Dr. Hack Tuke's work are those setting forth the course of legislative measures, and of administrative inspection and superintendence, for the correction of abuses in public and private asylums, and in the treatment of pauper lunatics in work-houses, throughout the past half-century and more; the results gained in the way of actual improvement, which are most carefully examined and specified with statistical exactness; and the advance of the science of "psychological medicine," as it is now termed, which seems to be widely based on a vast amount of experience, or of experimental observation, constantly recorded and reviewed by men of high repute in their profession. Our space does not permit of further com-

ment; but the reader who wants correct information and sound opinion, brought forward to the most recent date, upon the state of this branch of social service, the care of the insane, in England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, must possess himself of the volume that we have so inadequately described; Dr. D. Hack Tuke's "History of the Insane" is, for the present, the standard book upon its subject.

Illustrated topography has an abiding charm, which is enhanced by any local associations with the lives of interesting personages; and such attractiveness belongs to Mr. Alfred Rimmer's elegant volume describing *The Early Homes of Prince Albert* (W. Blackwood and Sons). We have, on former occasions, noticed with much pleasure the author's descriptive and artistic presentments of Chester, Oxford, Eton and Harrow, and some of "Our Old Country Towns." But in this work he has gone to the most picturesque parts of Germany, to the Saxon Duchies of Thuringia, Coburg and Gotha; to the Rhineland, with its old castles, towns, and cities, with which English tourists are more commonly familiar; and farther on to Heidelberg and Augsburg, depicting many scenes and edifices of historic or romantic fame. The memory of the late amiable and accomplished Prince Consort, and the sincere esteem which his character justly inspired in the hearts of most English subjects of his Royal spouse, will not soon depart from the minds of our people in this generation. This personal interest must add much to the value of Mr. Rimmer's sketches of Rosenau, the birth-place of his Royal Highness; Bonn, where he studied at the University; Coburg and Gotha, the twin capitals of his ancestors' little Principality; besides which, there are peculiar claims upon the attention of all educated minds in the neighbouring towns—Weimar, where Schiller and Goethe presided over the literary regeneration of Germany; and Eisenach, with the Wartburg, where Luther was protected by the Elector of Saxony against the powers of the Emperor and the Pope. Mr. Rimmer has compiled a very sufficient account of all these transactions and circumstances, ancient and modern, to constitute a readable book; while the tinted lithographs and numerous wood-engravings are as good as those he has drawn for his preceding works of this kind.

We have learned, with much regret, through a circular from promoters of a friendly subscription, that the clever author of *Homespun Yarns*, Mr. Edwin Collier, long editor of the *Essex Weekly News*, is disabled from literary work by prolonged illness. The small volume of poems bearing the above title, published by Messrs. J. and R. Maxwell, contains some narrative pieces of genuine humour and homely pathos, the vein of which is somewhat akin to that of Thomas Hood, occasionally with a flavour of Bret Harte, but which are truly original both in conception and in style of expression. "Boddy" is the story of a lost child, a three-year-old little boy, who strays from his parents' house at Leytonstone, climbs into a returning empty cab, and is conveyed half-way to London by the unwary cab-driver, while his poor father and mother are left in agonies of grief and fright. The child having been brought home safe, it is the father who tells the story, with a droll mixture of domestic sympathy and relish of the queer adventure, which soon takes hold of the reader's mind; and this is in the author's most congenial manner. "Mrs. Jones's Lodger," the tone of which is more ludicrous than pathetic; "Bessie and I," a really beautiful love-story, "Sal Parker's Ghost," and even "A Rogue and Vagabond," have the merits of hearty human feeling, of kindly thoughtfulness, and perfect naturalness of incident and language, with strong grasp of the imagined situation. These qualities go far to make good popular poetry; and we hope that Mr. Collier, if he can write any more, will keep to such homely tales of familiar life; but as for "Black Sir Ralph," and "Sir Rupert," and "Glenmorven of the Tower," he does not persuade us to care for them at all.

One of the daintiest miniature volumes ever printed, measuring about five inches by three, in a prettily decorated white binding, has issued from the press of A. Ireland and Co., of Manchester; but the London publishers of this *Book-Lover's Enchiridion* are Simpkin and Marshall. Its tasteful compiler, Mr. Alexander Ireland, of whose recent Memoir of Emerson we have spoken with due commendation, is known to be an eminently faithful, loyal, and accepted member of the gentle fraternity of Book-Lovers, and author of several opportune helps to bibliographic study. In this little hand-book, which scarcely fills the palm of one hand, Mr. Ireland has put together a fascinating collection of nearly two hundred passages extracted from the best writers of all ages, bearing testimony to "the solace and companionship of books," the delights and profits of well-chosen reading, and suitable variations of that agreeable theme. We are rather surprised, indeed, that the first authority cited should be Solomon, who is made to say, in the ordinary version of Ecclesiastes, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." This sentence, which might tell against the argument of Philobiblos, is not quoted in the present Enchiridion; but Solomon, as well as Plato and other wise men of antiquity, could set forth both sides of a question as he pleased. Cicero, Horace, and Seneca, come into court very early; then Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham in 1344, Chaucer and Montaigne, bring us on to the Revival of Letters. The main collection is from many of the finest and wisest English prose authors, and some English poets of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. With these, it is quite evident, Mr. Ireland has long cherished an intimate and affectionate acquaintance; and, in gathering their occasional remarks upon the benefits of literary recreation, he calls up a host of his own old friends to bear witness of his case as an inveterate book-lover, almost worshipper of books. Few men have a better right to plead this justification for such pursuits, which certainly need no defence, but are their own reward and commendation.

The author of *On the Equator*, 1 vol. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.), loses no time with preliminary and unnecessary details which are so often to be found in books of short voyages; such as how the journey first suggested itself, and the further items of every difficulty which presented itself before the start was effected; how many friends were asked to go and could not, the reasons of their declining the felicity of travelling with the author, and so on. "H. de W." takes his reader, in the course of a page, to a snug corner in the smoking-carriage of the mail-train for Dover, and six pages further on Singapore is reached. From Singapore, however, to the end of the voyage, hardly enough space is given to the many features of the different points of interest which "H. de W." and his friend visited. The whole feeling, indeed, in the little volume under notice, is that of a rush through everything, allowing no time to look further than the mere surface of things. This is, of course, attributable to the very short space of six months, which was allowed for the whole time of absence from England, and is the more to be regretted from the bright, pleasant, and intelligent way in which what was noted is conveyed to the reader. The description of the valley in which the travellers rested on their way to the Lirapi mountains, its dense gloom and solemn stillness, the war-dance, or romance dance, of the Kayans, and the bull-fight in Madrid, are almost the best parts of the book.